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Selections.

THE ABINGTON CELEBRATION.

AUGUST 1st, 1860.

Phonographic report by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

Speech of E. H. Heywood.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I think these letters [the letters from Messrs. Sumner, Adams, [illegible] certainly, they discuss the various issues involved in the question that convenes us, with a beauty, force and eloquence which is the admiration and despair of all us youngsters. Indeed, my hands are so full of the business affairs of this meeting, that I hardly feel like talking to you at all.

In these very just and admirable criticisms upon the American view of British Emancipation, Mr. Adams and Mr. Sumner strike the key-note to the politics and religion of this country—the key-note to American life, as you read off its harmonious discords and its discordant harmonies in the sects and parties about you. As Carlyle said of Englishmen, Poverty is the only hell in which Americans believe. A Yankee would object to the theological hell for the cost of brimstone (laughter). Americans do not believe in man, but in money; not in liberty, but in license. They have no faith in truth, justice, freedom, God; but in railroads, stocks, traditions, parchments, majorities. Any rascality is right, if it will pay. The idea which underlies the American Church and State is, that it is right to enslave men in behalf of liberty, to lie for the sake of truth, to kill men to make them live. Truth and justice are valued as guano to raise corn and cotton. The Deity is thought a respectable person if he wears broadcloth, patent-leather boots, and can drive a sharp bargain; otherwise, not of much account.

In contrast with this heathenish, golden-calf treachery to the law of God and the rights of man, the royal beauty of England's example makes us ugly. British Emancipation was a concession to justice and liberty, as personified in a proscribed race—one fact, at least, contravening Bentham's maxim, that "the ruling class never give up a usurped privilege, until they are bullied out of it." British Emancipation was Parliament, the Court and the Crown in royal livery, descending to the highways and hedges of English life, to rescue its pariahs and outcasts. It was the coronation of color, the admission of the negro to society, to civilization, to equality in the eye of the law as in the sight of God. In a word, the whole object of the anti-slavery struggle in Great Britain, from 1783, when, in that little room in London, the Bethlehem of the black race, there assembled a half-dozen Quakers "to consider what step they should take for the relief and liberation of the negro slaves of the West Indies, and for the discouragement of the slave trade on the coast of Africa," to the moment when the last shackle fell, amidst the hosannas of the redeemed and the repentant and redeeming nation—a period illustrious with examples of eloquence, wisdom and self-sacrifice, scarcely paralleled in the annals of legislation or religion; a period when, like the Homeric deities, descending from Mount Ida to rescue, in the agony of fate, some stricken hero in the carnage of Troy, British statesmen, orators, philosophers, poets and philanthropists became the imperial guard of a despised humanity—through a half century of prayers, tears, wrestlings, agonies, exaltations and immortal triumphs, the aim of the anti-slavery enterprise was simply to show fair play to black men.

This is the lesson which a free Monarchy, from its throne of justice and mercy, reads to a slaveholding, haughty, strutting Republic to-day. Let us heed it, let us apply it; for these hours are too sacred to spend in mere eulogy of those who, having "fought the good fight," are now beyond and above the reach of human praise. We are not here to walk in the green pastures and beside the still waters of past achievement, not here to be entranced with the elysian music of Iliads won and sung, not here to recite history, but to *make* it. This event says, "identify yourselves with the oppressed race; be negroes." Some artist remarks, that no one can paint a tree without in some sense becoming a tree. So no one can be an Abolitionist without putting his soul in the slave's soul's stead. When Macaulay was in conversation with Mrs. Stowe, rallying her upon her admiration of the greatest of English dramatists—the greatest of the world's writers—he asked which of Shakspeare's characters she liked best. "Desdemona," she replied. "Of course," said he; "she was the only one who ran after a black man" (laughter). He knew, that to paint "Uncle Tom" and "Eliza Harris," she must have forgotten that she herself was white. Mr. Garrison says the highest compliment ever paid him was when Fowell Buxton, the great English Quaker, receiving him at his own door, exclaimed, with wide-eyed astonishment, "What, Mr. Garrison!" "Yes, sir." "Why, bless me, I thought you was a black man" (applause). Long as he had fought with British giants for human rights, he had not conceived the heroism in human form sufficient, when not *of* the enslaved race, to lift up the standard of moral rebellion against seventeen million oppressors. No man, in a country like ours, is entitled to be called an Abolitionist, a patriot, or a Christian, until he is honored with the reputation of wanting to marry into a black family (laughter). I hope we all shall learn the lesson of to-day so well as to go home negroes.

But, to return to the train of thought upon which Mr. Adams's and Mr. Sumner's letters furnish me a passage: as a nation, we have no regard for human rights, for human nature, as such. We hardly believe that man belongs to the human race. If one speaks of love to man, you don't know whether he means a Doctor of Divinity or a Republican Senator selling him upon the auction-block, or a Fiji cannibal roasting him for his dinner. Like the Yankee who, in Italy, stopped a religious procession to light his cigar at one of the holy candles (laughter), an American instinctively seeks to desecrate every scheme of philanthropy, every measure of hazardous benevolence, to selfish purposes; to divert it into a political or ecclesiastical channel to turn a sectarian or partisan mill. Our civilization is a conspiracy against justice, speaking from black lips. We have piled the Church, the college and the government upon the negro; and when the insurgent Titan turns under Ætna we shout, "Blood," "civil war," "anarchy." *The Tribune* says, the more opposition a party has from the disunion Abolitionists, the more likely it is to succeed. Certainly. Governor Hutchinson was in much better favor with George III. because James Otis thundered against writs of assistance. Laud, undoubtedly, got the primacy from Charles I. for being denounced by Milton and Hampden. Judas, unquestionably, walked into the graces of Pilate by his graceless betrayal of Jesus; and, if he had not been virtuous enough to hang himself, would have been appointed postmaster of Jerusalem (laughter), as Mr. Greeley hopes to be of New York, if Lincoln gets in. Just so of the Church. The centripetal force overcomes the centrifugal. Its honors can be secured only by infidelity to the black man. I know of no other theory to account for Ward Beecher's appalling retrogression. With such a magnanimous heart—with impulses so generous and outgushing that wherever he goes the masses leap to his side like dust of iron to the magnet—that *he*, after years of brave testimony against slavery, from his pulpit, should sink under the fire of his brave young disciple, and turn up a dead carcass in the wake of South-side Adams! Perhaps he is aspiring to be a Doctor of Divinity. Pro-slavery is the test of admission to that order. The centralizing force of the Church has demoralized him. In Dr. Cheever's case, it is not, after all, the New York ministers, or that servile, mendacious sheet misnamed *Independent*, out of whose mouths he is preaching their bread and butter, that are trying to spike his guns. No. They would be with him if they could afford to be honest. It is the black hand of baptized despotism reaching up from Washington to throttle the Puritan pulpit of Union Square. Ah, yes, Mr. Greeley, it is a sad fact that slavery *does* and *must* rule everything in this slaveholding Republic. No sect or party can ascend to official distinction except by the path of oppresssion. Slavery, like buried iron, underlying all parties, inevitably diverts every political magnet from the pole-star of justice. As Curran said of Lord Clare, every aspirant to office, like the chimney-sweep, climbs to its honors by dark and sooty ways, only to display his dirty elevation (laughter). The man who takes for his motto, "Success is a duty," the motto of Governor Banks and the motto of the Border ruffians, the motto of *The Tribune* and the motto of the "Plug Uglies," within the deathful circle of the Federal Union, is the sworn foe of impartial liberty.

Hence the necessary character of the Republican party. Sworn upon the altar of slavery, it affects to fight the battles of freedom. Anti-slavery in sentiment, it is pro-slavery in principle. So far from endangering the system, as Senator Hale said, slavery will be safer under its rule than under the Democratic party. Mason of Virginia, or Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, stands with greater security under the flag of Lincoln than under that of Breckinridge. I know it has its radical members—God bless them!—men who intend to reach the system and throttle it; men who, as the old Federalist poet wrote about the Jeffersonians,

"Would blow the villains all sky high."

(laughter). Its abolition voters are represented here to-day by one who, stepping from the shoemaker's bench to the State Senate, to put liberty above all compromises and all constitutions, will yet make the memory of Marshfield respectable in the annals of Massachusetts (loud applause). It has its Sumner, its Adams, its Giddings and its Andrew. But no one of these brave and noble men has made an issue with slavery, or even proposed a solution of this vexing problem. Mr. Sumner's recent earthquake speech in the Senate—full of excellent, classic vituperation—the most anti-slavery speech ever delivered in Congress, almost as good and strong as you have heard from this platform for twenty years—looks up to Lysander Spooner's position. But its climax is the indorsement of the Chicago platform; which is a descent from zenith to nadir, from Paradise to perdition. And in his late New York speech, he takes pains to *deny* the anti-slavery construction of the Constitution, by admitting the constitutionality of the slave oligarchy, by declaring that we have "no more political responsibility for slavery in Charleston than in Constantinople," and that we *cannot* oppose it, except "within the landmarks of the law and the Constitution." Such sentiments made your abolition blood boil when, years ago, you read them in Webster, Wayland and Stuart. What will you say to them now, wound from the silver trumpet of one who rides forward to the van of politics, "to inspire with purpose the masses lagging behind"? And the Massachusetts Legislature indorsed that Washington speech by a large majority; the very Legislature that gave fourteen thousand petitioners, praying that slave-hunting might cease on the blood-consecrated soil of Bunker Hill and Lexington, *leave to withdraw*; the same Legislature that is now on its servile knees before the statue of a slave-hunter. Why, if Massachusetts believes that speech, she will, as the tea of old, hurl that bronze, august slave-hunter into Boston harbor, and leap like a bloodhound at the throat of the Union (applause). Oh, no; the Republican party does not mean to meddle with slavery. As Mr. Greeley says, "it nominates to win." In Hosea Biglow's lines,

"It is ready to vote for whoever is eligible,
Ef on all pints at issoo he'll stay unintelligible"

(laughter). Its "candidate must be very uncandid," to run well. His brain and conscience must be in his heels. Thus Lincoln represents nothing higher than the Douglas idea. He is only the "little giant" "extended," pieced out with the ostrich at one end and the ourangoutang at the other (laughter). A conundrum just now very current in Republican nurseries runs thus: "Why is James Buchanan like a harp struck with lightning?" "Because he is a blasted lyre" (great merriment). You Republicans laugh at the apt and witty conceit; but what will save you from the ridicule and contempt of abolition children, when, having carried out the infamous compromises you are pledged to uphold, your party stands before the country and the world, smitten by the thunderblasts of divine wrath?

Our noble friend, Mr. Andrew, thinks the Abolitionists severe, harshly unjust. But the most they ever asked is, that Americans should be consistent with their professed principles; though I allow that such a request is a mortal insult to an American! I remember the first speech I ever heard from Mr. Pillsbury made me mad clear into my boots (laughter). He went through our little village like Socrates in Athens, smiting the idols of the sects and the parties; and, of course, we would have given him hemlock, if we could have caught him. But a little reflection taught me that he was only old Jeremiah turned up among the modern Jews. A little more than a year ago he made a speech in New York that frightened even the old Abolitionists, the "very elect." But two-thirds of it is history already. His prophecy, that the theatres would preach anti-slavery before the Churches, shocked even Mr. Phillips. But an analysis of the world's life shows that the redeemers of the race always come from the bulrushes and the mangers; that the "voice in the wilderness" summons Jerusalem to repentance; and that "Uncle Tom" will always speak from the street and the market-place, from the boards of the theatre, before he can be heard from metropolitan pulpits. Channing says, "As for human favor, I feel more and more that it must be given up. If I know Christianity, it is so at war with the present condition of society, that it cannot be spoken, or acted out, without giving great offence." Again: "Christian benevolence *can* speak in piercing and awful tones, and the deeply-moved soul *will* speak so as to shake nations." Milton says, "When God commands to take the trump and blow a dolorous and jarring blast, it rests not in man's will what he shall declare or what he shall withhold." If the future thanks the Abolitionists for anything, it will be that God gave them strength to look in the angry countenance of a compromising, huckstering age, and speak the truth. The backbone of human nature is too weak for reformers often to err on the side of severity. But who are these who wince under the arrows of the abolition quiver—your Bankses, your Wilsons, and your Sewards? The very men who have ridden into the sunbeams of political favor on their denunciation of Webster, and who now have the impudence, to say nothing of its base wickedness, to offer a statue to the unfortunate statesman whom, to exalt themselves, they exhausted the English language to malign. And when they, with better pretensions, proceed to observe and enforce the same immoral and wicked compromises with tyrants that consigned their great prototype to infamy, what is left for the Abolitionist—the Abolitionist, the co-worker with God and the laws of nature—the Abolitionist, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, who knows no variableness nor shadow of turning—the Abolitionist, who can no more connive with slavery than good with evil, than light with darkness, than Christ with Belial—what can he do but strip off this garb of hypocrisy, and say to the world, "Behold Despotism in the garb of Freedom!" (Loud applause.)

His crime is in judging men by their better selves, in "appealing from Philip drunk to Philip sober." I love to think of Mr. Seward standing on Plymouth Rock, when, from the mount of historic vision, in the clear blue of absolute truth, he exclaimed, "All compromises are far more dangerous to liberty than open usurpations"; of Seward, the historian, the statesman, the philosopher—not of Seward, the Presidential aspirant, pledging himself to abide by all the horrible compromises of this slaveholding government. Why, the footsteps of Edward Everett have been dogged, for thirty years, by the derisive scorn and pitying contempt of the North, and his name has become a byword and hissing in every free heart, because he agreed to shoulder his musket and buckle on his knapsack to put down insurgent slaves. And when we point to Seward in the Senate, swearing by the Republican party to "crush out," with the *whole power of the Government*, the same God-like uprising of the human soul against despotism that has immortalized Washington and Lafayette in history, we are accused here to-day of "severity." Nevertheless, our disapprobation of the huckstering politician will be the measure of our admiration of the statesmanlike and philosophic historian. I do not like to be personal—you remember with gratitude Mr. Andrew's brave and able advocacy of this cause in the Courts and the Legislature; the eminent service he rendered in chopping off the judicial head of Judge Loring (applause), when he entered the arena of debate against Caleb Cushing, and taught that great sinner that there is a God in Israel, and that William Lloyd Garrison is his prophet (great cheering)—but this letter reminds me of a little contrast which, perhaps, I should state here. At the first John Brown meeting in Tremont Temple, last year, the gentleman whom every free heart in Boston was glad to see in the chair on that memorable and historic occasion, said, "Whether the enterprise of John Brown and his associates in Virginia is wise or foolish, right or wrong, I pause not here to inquire; but one thing I know, that John Brown himself is right"; and you who were present remember how grandly that "Apollo in spectacles" looked when he said it (applause). Well, the newspapers say that this same gentleman, at Chicago and in Faneuil Hall, has bestowed unmeasured commendation and eulogy upon a political platform that denounces John Brown as the "gravest of criminals," and upon the Presidential candidate standing thereon, who begot a Fugitive Slave bill whose unprovoked and unconstitutional atrocity even Senator Mason was not heartless enough to copy, and who, if not the open defender, is at least the persistent apologist, of slavery in the District of Columbia, of the inter-State slave trade, and of kidnapping by law in the free States! Now, whatever accusations of "severity" may be filed against me, I cannot *help* loving the man who, without stint of money or time, strives to secure an impartial trial to the Warren of the second American Revolution, and, within sight of his scaffold, receives his widowed and orphaned family to his manly heart, and turning with [illegible] from the one who supports a great political party, pledged to consign to the halter all who in future shall imitate his sublime virtue and unexampled heroism (loud applause).

I have already floated too far into this meeting, but I wish to call attention to one or two other points in this remarkable letter, without, however, enlarging upon them. It says the proscribed whites of the South have a keener sense of their wrongs than the blacks. If so, in an almost infinite majority, with the laws on their side, why don't they rally to the standard of a Helper, a Hedrick, or an Underwood, and squelch that vile brood of tyrants? The blacks less sensitive to the atrocities of slavery! What induced those forty thousand fugitives in Canada to run a gauntlet of bloodhounds, bowie-knives and revolvers, braving every peril by flood and field and forest, to be free? Or those countless numbers who have perished in this perilous "middle passage," or are returning to the house of bondage to rescue their relatives and friends, while the heartless, stultified whites, North and South, have no eyes to behold a heroism that will forever be a spectacle to angels and to men? Why, there is more free blood in the little finger of a Margaret Garner or a Harriet Tubman, than could be wrung from the watery veins of all the oppressed or oppressing whites in the land (applause).

The author of this letter also adds, that his "fidelity to the institution of government has been, is, and always will remain, unshaken"—the government of which John Quincy Adams said, "The preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery is the vital and animating spirit;" and, as a corollary, added, "Justice and liberty, no matter what becomes of the Constitution and the Union"—a sentiment upon which the "old man eloquent" will float further into the future than upon any other he ever uttered. But this refusal to break with organized despotism is only the old doctrine of putting new wine into old bottles; of the Irishman's chimney, one brick held up and another put under it (laughter); of the Greek in his tub, swearing by Jupiter he'll lift himself by the ears (laughter). I do not believe in it. Some little boys in Boston, the other day, playing near a church, one said to his fellows, "I can jump higher than that church." "Let us see you." It had a very high steeple—almost as tall as some trees out West, which it takes two men and a boy to see the top of (laughter). "Let us see you." So the little fellow vaulted some six inches from the ground, exclaiming, "I did." "Did, eh?" "Yes; for the church did not jump at all" (great laughter). So of the government—it is anchored; from its very nature it can't jump at all. Mr. Andrew must go higher, if he ever reaches the shackles of the slave. And let us make an issue here at home. They say the people will make Mr. Andrew Governor, by-and-by. I hope so; it would seem good to have a decent Governor once (applause). And when he is inaugurated—God speed the moment! we have a right to ask that he will immortalize his administration by the utter and eternal prohibition of slave-hunting on our soil (loud applause). But whether he is or not, we must address ourselves to that petition with redoubled energy again this year. Copies will be sent over the State in season for circulation. Let this curse be wiped out of the Bay State. It is not fit that the sons of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill should bear the shame longer. In Whittier's nervous, fiery verse—the poetry of chain-lightning—

"Must we of Massachusetts from truth and duty turn?
We hunt their bondmen flying from slavery's baleful hell?
Our voices at their bidding take up the bloodhound's yell?
We gather, at their summons, above our fathers' graves,
From Freedom's holy altar-horns to tear their wretched slaves?
No slave-hunt in our borders, no pirate on our strand;
No fetters in the Bay State, no slave upon our land."

And we must go further. This day lifts us above States and nations, and links us with universal humanity. We must make freedom national and world-wide. No man has a right to wear upon his brow the sacred word "Liberty," who does not ground the right and duty of revolting against oppression upon a higher plane of action than existing blood-stained compacts; who does not declare to the world that, under God, there is no master, no slave, no sex, no tribe, no nation; but, in Mazzini's noble maxim, "One humanity, one law, one love, from all and for all." It is said, a note sounded among the Alps echoes from peak to peak, and still re-echoes on forever. So one heart-beat like that we have felt from the free hills of New Hampshire, this morning, throbs through the universe. Mathematicians will tell you that a pebble, dropped in yonder lakelet, pulses the waters on the coast of Japan; so, as Lowell hymns it—

"When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century, bursts, full-blossomed, on the thorny stem of time" (loud applause).

Mr. Heywood having concluded his address, the **President** (Mr. Swasey) said: It is a singular fact that, from the period when the mind of man threw off the shackles of superstition, the Roman intellect has found such vast sources of interest and of power in opening up all the material resources of nature, in ploughing its pathless way across the ocean, in peopling continents, in building up mighty empires, that at length the intellect has become superior, in the estimation of men, to the moral instincts, and the higher and more sublime teachings which belong to our religious sentiments; so that to-day we stand amongst a people who, of all men, boast of their reason, of their intellectual capacity, of their material means, of their ability to build up great empires and extend themselves over continents, with new forms of government. In other words, we stand amongst a people who, to-day, have dethroned God, have overturned the moral Governor, and set up their own work, and declared, *Vox populi, vox Dei.* Yes; the popular will is our Pope, and, according to the general idea, there is no God higher than the popular will asserts to be God. So, therefore, our popular God of to-day is our government, our Union, our arrangements, our pieces of parchment which we call Constitutions. Our Pope to-day is the Union; and, thank God! we have our Luthers, our Melancthons, our Zwingles, our Calvins to dash that Pope into the dust. One of these reformers, who is sufficient for the occasion, who could stand amid the darkness of Washington, and, like one of these trees, from the dirt around him, grow straight up into the sunlight, to catch the inspiration of God and stand erect as these trees—such an one we have with us to-day, and he is now about to address you; one who could stand there, almost alone, and denounce and arraign this great crime of slavery, supported only by his consciousness of right and duty. Well may he be classed among the Luthers, among the reformers of our day. I call upon Rev. Mr. Conway, formerly of Washington, but now of Cincinnati.

Speech of Rev. M. D. Conway.

The event which gives this day its lustre is such an one as we begin life by expecting on every hand; but alas! as we get older, learn to celebrate as unusual and startling. The books of the realm of Faerie, the legend of the Mystic Land of History, train in us an ideal which would not be surprised to find on every highway a Dragon, in every rider a Prince George, on every rock an Andromeda, on every wind her Perseus. Why haven't the old fogies who have their bolts and bars on the press, as elsewhere, prohibited these formidable children's books which hint the nobility of rescuing the oppressed, of buckling on armor to confront oppressors? Can the doctrine of heroism be safely taught? I heard once more told, the other day, the fine old story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Enchanted Palace. There she lay, with the terrible spell upon her; she stirred not, dreamed not; and her adherents were also locked in the paralysis of the evil spell. But after many had tried vainly to penetrate the thick hedges about her palace, one prince, nobler than the rest, succeeds. He enters, unchains the spell with a kiss, restores her sceptre, and the palace once more resounds with voices of joy. Is this not a vision shown on the holy mount of childhood; and are not history and life glorious as they conform to that pattern? There lay the Sleeping Beauty, India, under the fearful spell of slavery; and never was England so princely as when her warm human kiss broke the spell which bound 800,000 immortal souls! This is what Garibaldi is trying to do for slumbering Sicily to-day. This is what John Brown tried to do for the fair South. And so long as Humanity anywhere is locked in the deadly spell of oppression, to this work every princely heart will dedicate itself forever and forever! (Applause.)

By the way, I attended a Garibaldi sympathy meeting, the other evening. I was not only interested but amused. The speakers were generally conservatives about America, but magnificent radicals about Italy. I could not keep out of my mind all the time the question, who are those martyrs and heroes in the dungeons and on the scaffolds of the Pope and the King of Naples?—They are the John Browns of Southern Europe. Garibaldi is a John Brown; his followers are traitors and rebels to their own government. Sicily is their Harper's Ferry. The praise bestowed on them, and the maledictions of Pius, Bomba & Co., reminded me of the story of the curate of an Episcopal Church, who had always been in the habit of praying against the Catholics; one day the Bishop visited this church—one who was exceedingly High Church, even inclined to Romanism. The curate in his prayer fell into the old formula: "O Lord, we beseech thee to save us from the pernicious principles and perilous practices of the—the (a look at the Bishop)—Hottentots" (laughter). I hope our method will be different, and that we will only go abroad in our sympathies, whether to Italian or Hottentot, to return with all that we have witnessed there transmuted into light and glow, for our own, our American task.

My friends, how do we stand here, and now, before this task? Many good friends of the slave will at once point to the Republican party, and rejoice in the prospect of success which it undoubtedly has at present. This Republican party is the child of Frank Pierce and James Buchanan; before their time it was not an organized party. I know that this claim has been disputed by some of the Abolitionists, who say that Garrison and Phillips are the parents of that party. I must think otherwise. The crimes which the Democratic party has perpetrated within the last eight years; its outrages upon all good faith, upon even rudimentary justice; and, lately, its violation even of that kind of honor supposed to exist among thieves; these have given the American people a faint glimpse of slavery's abyss; the Republican party is their instinctive recoil. For a while, we expected much of this party; but lately it has developed a certain special sign—a bad sign—one that is the unmistakable indication of advancing decay. *It is corrupting its best men.* This is always a terrible sign. Why, what is the chief evil that slavery itself has done or can do amongst a people? It is not that it can crucify freedom; life enough must ever remain in freedom to break the seal and roll away the stone of any sepulchre and come forth triumphant. No weapon formed against freedom can prosper. We have already seen that freedom had never made such immense strides as under the two Administrations hostile to her. What, then, is the evil? It is, that it rots great and noble hearts to the core. It is, that all the manhood of Choate, and Webster, and Everett, and Winthrop is dragged behind its chariot. Now, observe this terrible tendency in the Republican party. We all know that the cause of justice, the cause of God, will go on with or without it; but I say that if the Republican party were in power for three terms, it could never repay us for the loss, from the circle of the brave and true, of William H. Seward. Nothing they could do can repay their having wrung from the tongue on which the words "irrepressible conflict" and "higher law" had once burned as live coals from God's altar, the falsehood that John Brown was justly hung. Alas, alas! That was the noblest man in the Senate; long time the conserver of a pure statesmanship; with a great brow, and a thought true as steel sheathed in it. Lost thus! Oh, that I could weep, rather, over his grave by some brave one in Florence, or his scaffold in Virginia. And he is not the only one who has been tainted by that party. Who can feel that the brave old socialist and outright warrior for freedom, Horace Greeley, is now as he once was? Well, I might add others, but will not. Only a wise man will see this sign, and take care that he doesn't go next. Two old rats swam away from a ship, at sea, whose provisions were rather short; and, as they swam, one asked the other why he had left. The reply was, that all the cheese had given out. But why did you leave? Why, replied the other, that cook took all my cousins for a veal pie, and I was pretty sure he'd catch me next (laughter). Moral: When any party has started on a voyage, and has no other aim than that of reaching port, it will, in emergencies, catch you up for many services that you did not anticipate when you embarked with it.

I am confident that some new and higher modification of anti-slavery philosophy and action than any which has yet arisen is to come forth and lead beyond this Republican party. And here let me say, that the only thing about these anti-slavery gatherings which I am disposed to criticize is the gloomy view too often taken of the state of things. When I hear a speaker deploring that the Church does this and the State that, I wonder that he does not see a face that is just over him trying to catch his eye—one that would say, "Be not deceived by these their disguises. The people do not love oppression nor lies; their hearts are yearning for liberty. These vile measures and men they go for, because some smooth tongue has gilded them with truth's guise; but they will soon find out the deception, and their retribution will be swift and terrible." Why, I don't think the Church out West (and that is to be the Church of the Future) is so bad and timid. I, at least can speak for the liberal Churches, and assure you that, out of between thirty and forty of these, I have found, on inquiry, but five where the slavery question is ignored. But my special point is, that it is evident that in this country there is going on another chaos and another creation in the religious world. Forms are passing away: essences are surviving. We are to have an American Religion: such is the unanswerable "logic of events." I see no danger to Christianity, no more than to the granite stratum underlying the upper crust of the earth; but I see that theology must be perpetually changing—the old bottles passing away with the old wine, the new coming forth at the demand of the ever-growing vineyard of God. And what are the signs of this new American Christianity? They are that it will be a Gospel of Labor, a Kingdom of Use. Christianity must lay aside that old speculative costume which was given her at Nice, or Constantinople, or Geneva. It won't prove comfortable in such weather as she is to have here. But there is preparing for her a great seamless vesture, on this continent. For its weaving, God has stretched out for warp our magnificent lakes, and prairies broadening to the sunset, and rivers which never weary of their munificence; and every steamer that floats on them, every engine that bounds over them, every telegraphic flash, is a shuttle bearing some thread to that warp; and forever they weave the white raiment of the Carpenter's Son (applause)—the Gospel of Work. First of all, it will redeem the laborer from all degradations, be he black or white. It will carry public justice and morality on to a pitch equal to that of steam and electricity. This is announced by all the trumpets of the earth and sky; and happy are they who are ready to scatter their palm-branches in the path of him who loveth to fulfil every high hope and noble prophecy (loud applause).

An Aged Slave.—Cæsar Soultz, an ancient negro slave, living in Wallpack, Sussex county, N. J., is perhaps the oldest man in Northern Jersey, being 107 years of age, so he says, and his memory of events long bygone confirms his statement. He was purchased a great many years ago by an old resident of Wallpack, named Dewitt, of a gentleman in Esopus, N. Y. Cæsar was twenty-three years old when the American Independence was declared, and distinctly remembers that event. He discourses fluently and relates many incidents connected with the Revolution. His conversation is quite entertaining and denotes remarkable intelligence for one so old. He says that the Dewitts offered him his freedom, but he preferred to remain on the farm and end his days on the banks of the Delaware, in Wallpack.

"*BARBARISM.*"

From Zion's Herald.

We have before us a specimen of "picture-writing," such as barbarians just emerging from the lowest strata of ignorance sometimes employ. It is a great curiosity, equal to anything among the rare specimens exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii, some of which are so vicious as to be concealed from public gaze. This is as vicious and nasty as any of them, though its author is probably either a postmaster or Methodist minister of the present year of our Lord.

It seems that Thaddeus Hyatt has determined to send a copy of Charles Sumner's great speech to every minister in the United States, and to this end an edition of 40,000 has been published, and any friends of freedom desiring to aid in the enterprise were invited to send any subscriptions they chose to Hon. Samuel E. Sewall, 46 Washington street, Boston. A copy of the speech was directed to "Rev. E. F. Hetrick, Front Royal, Virginia," who, more promptly than the most of the favored ones, sent back a characteristic subscription. Or, what is more probable, and more in accordance with Southern Post Office arrangements, the postmaster may have done the job and relieved the minister of the responsibility. At any rate, Mr. Sewall has received the contribution, and kindly transmitted it to us, so that we can, if we please, present it to the Methodist Historical Society of Baltimore, or to Boston, or some other kindred institution, and preserve it for future ages, to show the degree of development [illegible] people of "Front Royal, Virginia," in the year of our Lord 1860. We shall see that it is properly embalmed.

It consists of the returned circular of Mr. Sumner, besmeared in part with tar or some adhesive substance, and a coating of what may be "live geese" feathers, with the original envelope, bearing Mr. Sumner's frank, a part of the title-page of the speech, a quantity of black ashes, and the following words added:

"Come here and I will assist in serving you, T. H., as above. Rev. E. F. Heterich, Bal. Con."

On the outside of a paper enclosing the above relics is written:

"Inclosed is My Subscription.
"E. F. Heterick, Bal. Con."

There is a member of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church bearing the name Edward F. Hetrick, who is probably the person to whom the speech was sent. But we cannot suppose that he was so "barbarous" or foolish as to manufacture the above dirty curiosity. The fact that the name has in one instance the "Rev." prefixed, which ministers do not often prefix to their own signatures, and that the name is spelled in two different ways, and both of them unlike the spelling in the Official Minutes, leads us to suppose that some foolish and ignorant postmaster or other person is the author of this specimen of "picture-writing." However, it is a great curiosity.

It may be well to notice that, at a meeting of the members of the Front Royal Circuit, Baltimore Conference, where Mr. Hetrick is now stationed, held on the 16th of July, a series of resolutions were passed, among which were the following:

1. Resolved, That we totally disavow the *declarations* and disrespect the *admonitions* of the late General Conference in relation to the subject of slavery.
2. That we will not live under the jurisdiction of the said General Conference any longer than may be necessary to develope and execute an orderly plan by which our connection may be dissolved.

The above resolutions are in exact accordance with others passed by some scores of similar meetings held during the past two months.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE MONUMENT OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

From The Evening Post.

In our comments elsewhere upon the scarcity of shipping at this port, and the damage to which our commerce is exposed in consequence, we did not attempt to explain how this sudden change, which has come over our wharves and shipyards during the past year and a half, has been brought about. If our readers will turn to the next page and read the article entitled "New Phase of American Commerce," they will have some material for at least making a guess upon the subject.

We have there a list of eighty-three American vessels which have been taken while engaged in the slave trade during the last eighteen months. Add to these some half dozen that have gone through the Sound, whose names could not be ascertained; some twenty more detained under suspicion; then calculate how many more must have escaped and be prosecuting their nefarious traffic successfully, in order to render the business sufficiently profitable to survive such losses, and then the reader will have some conception of the nature and origin of the trade which has so noiselessly developed itself, stripped our wharves of its shipping, and made New York the great centre of the trade in African slaves.

The honor of thus diverting our ships to this degrading business belongs exclusively to the present administration. When the future historian shall ask, What did James Buchanan accomplish during his term of the Presidency? the answer must be, "He revived the slave trade; in everything else that he attempted, he failed; not a single measure that he recommended was ever approved by the other branches of Congress or by the people; but, to his eternal shame, he used the power with which, as the chief executive officer of the nation, he became invested, to break up and disorganize the police of the seas, and thus to revive a traffic which all civilized nations have agreed in denouncing as piracy in its most reprehensible form."

We do not envy him the reflections with which, from the brink of the grave, he will look back upon this crowning work of his career as a statesman and as President of this Republic. Who shall chant the praises and bless the memory of the successor of Washington who reopened the slave trade, and made "America" a word of horror to the millions of poor creatures who are the natural victims of this unhallowed commerce?

HUMBUG SUBLIMATED.

The Public Ledger (Philadelphia) perpetrates the following:

"Mr. Dallas and Lord Brougham.—The power of silence was never more admirably illustrated than in the recent conduct of Mr. Dallas to Lord Brougham. The latter was so clearly and grossly in the wrong that it was difficult properly to notice it. It was not merely Mr. Dallas, as a private gentleman, whose character had to be maintained, but the representative of the United States, whose peculiar situation in regard to the African race was directly aimed at. It would, no doubt, have been highly edifying to the Statistical Society to have drawn out one of those philippics for which Lord Brougham is so famous. But there is no replying to silence; and what Sidney Smith calls an eloquent flash of this was the most powerful of all cuts upon the garrulous old peer."

Let us consider the foregoing in the light of a few undeniable facts:

I. The Republic of Hayti is treated by every European State—even by France, from whom she wrested her independence in fair fight—as an equal and independent power, whose good will she desires to conciliate and preserve, whose trade she seeks to secure. This country alone refuses to acknowledge the existence of, and maintain diplomatic relations with, our sister republic—the oldest, next to our own, in America—simply because her people are negroes.

II. The Republic of Liberia was founded, and is to-day mainly peopled and wholly governed, by natives of, and emigrants from, this country. Its trade, like that of Hayti, is already valuable and steadily increasing; but it is compelled to desert our ports and seek those of Great Britain, by the refusal of our Executive to acknowledge its independence and maintain diplomatic relations with its government, because its people are negroes.

III. Natives and life-long residents of our country, who have education, culture, character, probity, fortune and social consideration in other lands, ask our government to give them passports enabling them to travel in foreign climes, and are flatly refused—because they are negroes.

IV. They take passage in British steamships to cross the Atlantic, and are denied the common privileges of decently behaving human beings, for which they have contracted and paid—not that the owners or managers of those vessels choose to make this odious and unjust discrimination—not that their British or other European passengers insist on it—but simply that the *American* passengers will have it—because these proscribed fellow-passengers are negroes.

V. Everywhere it is insisted that negroes—no matter how educated, how intellectual, how distinguished for moral worth and good works—must be proscribed and hunted from all association on terms of equality with white Americans—because they are negroes.

In full view of these notorious, undeniable facts, a Statistical Congress is assembled in London, and Mr. George M. Dallas, our Minister Extraordinary at the British Court, sees fit to attend its sitting. Lord Brougham, a British peer, and one of the most eminently useful and honored men of his time, also attends. So does one Mr. Delany, a fellow-Pennsylvanian with Mr. Dallas, worthy and esteemed, but who had the misfortune to be born of the least desirable color. Lord Brougham, seeing these two representatives in juxtaposition, and believing, with most enlightened Europeans, that our national negrophobia is a compound of prejudice and hypocrisy begotten by slavery, could not resist the temptation to call Mr. Dallas's attention to the fact that one of his fellow-members was a negro. The allusion was, of course, jocular, and, if it stung, slavery and American humbug, not Lord Brougham, gave it all its point. It was a just and timely rebuke to our national inconsistency, illiberality and hypocrisy. That it was "difficult for Mr. Dallas properly to notice it," we fully realize. That "silence" was his best possible resource is very certain. If that portion of our American press which sympathizes with him in his embarrassment had had a like conception of the wisdom of saying nothing, when there is really nothing to say, it would have been better for Mr. Dallas and for the reputation of our country.—*Tribune.*

THE EMANCIPATION MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

[illegible] Allgemeine Zeitung.

St. Petersburg, Saturday, July 7, 1860.

If we can believe all that has lately been said about the activity manifested by the Commission de Redaction, in relation to the emancipation of the serfs, we are indeed justified in expecting an earlier close of their labors than we had any reason to hope for when Count Panin was admitted as a member of the Commission in place of the late General Rostoffzoff. Although the members of the Commission de Redaction proceed with great discretion, and nothing positive has as yet transpired, especially in regard to the main question, whether liberated serfs shall become *owners* or *renters* of such property, with house and garden, as may be necessary for their subsistence, it is, nevertheless, generally known that the drawing up of the whole project of law, as it is to be submitted to the Chief Serf Committee, has been nearly completed, and that even the alterations which will have to be made, in consequence of this act, in the code of laws, the financial estimates, and the general government of the country, are almost finished. It is on these incidental consequences of the great measure of emancipation that Count Panin, with the deep insight of a statesman and an experienced administrator of public affairs, has devoted all the energy of his labors, while General Rostoffzoff devoted his attention altogether to the measure itself, and intended to let time regulate all consequences necessarily arising therefrom.

When the Emperor at last had recognized the inefficiency of the Chief Serf Committee appointed by him to accomplish the immense labor, and bring to a close the task imposed upon them—all of which might have been expected, if only from the high rank and the many administrative duties of its members, which did not permit them to busy themselves with the details of this measure—he ordered General Rostoffzoff, whose devotion he well knew, to organize the Committee which has since become known as the Commission de Redaction. General Rostoffzoff, himself all but liberal, and yet without doubt honest and desirous of executing the will of his imperial master, had clearly seen in the sittings of the Chief Serf Committee, of which he was a member, that there was an opposition in that body to the ideas of the Emperor, so strong as might have defied even the firmness of the Grand Duke Constantine, or the convictions of Lanskoi, the Minister of the Interior. If the fundamental principles of the future law had been laid down and promulgated by the Chief Serf Committee, liberal ideas would have had no hope of receiving a sanction here. It was necessary to submit to the grand dignitaries constituting the Chief Serf Committee some law already finished, practical in its effects, and corresponding in its workings with the other State institutions; some measure, the fundamental principles of which it would have been impossible to alter; for it was to be, and may even still be, expected, with certainty, that the Chief Serf Committee will alter several provisions of the new act.

Thus General Rostoffzoff immediately looked around for help, and advised the Emperor to place men in the Commission de Redaction who were known as really liberal in their views; such men, for instance, as the two General Adjutants of the Emperor, Paskjewitsh and Woronzoff, Miljutinn, the secretary of Lanskoi, General Tscherkaski, and Ssamarin, well known as an emancipationist. As it is the will, or rather the wish, of the Emperor, that the house, garden and field of the former serf shall become the immediate property of the liberated farmer, believing, as he does, that there is no other way to evade the much-feared *proletariat* of over twenty millions of men, this has also become the desire of General Rostoffzoff; and consequently he has immediately commenced to work out, as the right step in this direction, that project which has become the terror of the deputies of the nobility, but also the rule of action for all members of the Commission de Redaction; for what the chief submitted to them was, of course, but the fixed determination of the Emperor. But the plan of Rostoffzoff, in this completeness, was on no account the will of the Emperor, but, like all other projects submitted in regard to this measure, only an attempt to make the desire of the Emperor possible. The propositions of Rostoffzoff took hold of the upper end of the question, while the Commission de Redaction was only called together to lay the foundation and then raise up the structure. Thus conflict was immediately apparent when the Deputies of the Government Committees of the nobility came to St. Petersburg to deliver their memorial on this question. The deputies came with the belief that they were but just bringing the materials for the formation of the future law, and were astonished to find already the complete project of a man who was universally recognized as the representative of the Emperor's desires; and this project took, without any further ceremony, a part of their property from the owners, in order to present it to the serfs, with a generosity altogether too cheap.

The political elements which entered into this conflict between General Rostoffzoff and the Deputies; the meetings, strongly colored with opposition, held in the house of Count Schurvaloff; the memorials presented to the Emperor; the effected reconciliation of the Deputies by the Emperor himself; and, still later, the unexpected and severe measures adopted towards the Twer's nobles, Unkowski, Jewropew and Golowatschoff, although important enough in their bearing on future events, we have to leave unnoticed here, where we treat solely of the measure relating to the serfs.

Suddenly Rostoffzoff died, and great anxiety arose as to whom the Emperor might appoint his successor. But, lo! of all those whom it was thought possible the Emperor might appoint, not one was selected. On the contrary, a man whom even the opponents of the measure had considered as impossible for that position was appointed—the Minister of Justice, Count Panin, a statesman grown old in business, distrustful, and an *opponent to all changes!* He is also a member of the Chief Serf Committee, and it was known that in the deliberations of that body he had lifted his voice against all over-rash proceedings. It was also known that he considered the emancipation of the serfs as a measure which would undoubtedly result in bringing about a different form of government. And still *he* was selected, of all others! Of course, no one knows what has passed between the Emperor and Count Panin, what they have considered and resolved; but every one knows that since then Count Panin has worked, and caused others to work, with the most honest zeal, and all the diligence and weight of a man of business and a statesman. He led the Commission de Redaction from the sphere of philanthropical and humanitarian oratorical and writing essays, into the practical field of strict government—necessity; resigned all his influence on the conducting of his judicial department, over which the Senator Secret Counsellor Samjatnim has since presided, and declared repeatedly that it was his intention *to follow exactly in the footsteps of his predecessor*, Rostoffzoff. The Count's demeanor towards the second deputation was at first rather repulsive; but he soon reconciled the quick, excitable nobles by the soft yielding of his manner; and we had the singular spectacle of a man upon whom a general distrust had centered, and who yet was able, in a comparatively short space of time, to gain for himself general confidence. Above all, he has known how to tame the universal impatience, in working, himself, with seeming impatience, and hurrying on the labors of the Commission. Indeed, Count Panin, one of our wealthiest property-owners, with thousands of serfs on his estates, a lawyer, and every

DEFECTIVE ORIGINAL COPY

thing but liberal in the vulgar sense of this often abused word, occupies a decidedly singular position at present.

For years his resignation as Minister of Justice has been considered inevitable; he was considered used up, worn out completely, totally unfit to enter upon the new state of things inaugurated by the Emperor of Russia; and at present he stands at the head of the movement, and working out a measure, the grandeur and importance of which for the future of Russia it is impossible for us to calculate. Well-informed people say, at present, that the project of law will be finished in the fall; it can, therefore, be examined and reviewed during the winter by the Chief Serf Committee, and laid before the Emperor. We are proud that, up to the present time, nothing has been done by the lower portion of our governmental structure to hinder the progress of this great and beautiful work. In spite of the contemporaneous temperance movement, and in spite of several unpleasant affairs on a few estates, which were greedily seized upon and misrepresented by the press, nothing has come to pass in all wide Russia, and amongst a population of twenty-three millions of serfs, which might justify the fears predicted at the first agitation of this movement; and that is surely sufficient.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

DR. CHEEVER IN ENGLAND.

Welcomed by the London Emancipation Committee.

Great Public Meeting on the First of August.

BY the steamer Persia, which arrived at this port on Tuesday morning, we have intelligence that will carry joy to the heart of every true friend of the slave in the United States; intelligence, namely, of Dr. Cheever's safe arrival in England, of the prompt and hearty welcome extended to him by the London Emancipation Committee and other devoted and distinguished friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, and of his participation in the public observance of the Twenty-sixth Anniversary of West India Emancipation, at Spafields Chapel in London. The space at our disposal this week is so limited that we must forbear comment to make room for as much as possible of the reports so promptly furnished us by our attentive friends on the other side of the water. The full report, however, of the great meeting at Spafields Chapel, embracing the admirable speech of Dr. Cheever, we must postpone till next week. The following letter from the Hon. Secretary of the London Emancipation Committee, embracing a summary of all that had transpired in reference to Dr. Cheever's arrival and the welcome extended to him, will be eagerly read.

LETTER FROM F. W. CHESSON, ESQ.

24 NEWINGTON CRESCENT, KENNINGTON ROAD,
3d August, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: You can imagine more easily than I can describe the pleasure with which we received your announcement of Dr. Cheever's intended visit to this country. But it would be still more difficult either to imagine or to describe the gratification with which we welcomed that distinguished man in *propria persona*, and this feeling was increased by the happy coincidence of the Doctor's arrival taking place simultaneously with the holding of our First of August meeting. In anticipation that he would arrive in time to take part with us in commemorating the most noble event in British history, we published his name in the public press, and placarded it on the walls of London as the chief speaker at our meeting. Fortune, in our case, did not prove to be a fickle goddess; she smiled favorably upon us—for Dr. Cheever arrived in London several days before his services were required. Now, to make my story brief, let me come to the 1st of August itself.

On the afternoon of that day, before holding their public meeting, the London Emancipation Committee presented an address to Dr. Cheever at the residence of their Treasurer, Mr. Dennis McDonnell. There were present not only the members of the Committee, but many clergymen and ministers of influence—men whose presence must have been peculiarly gratifying to Dr. Cheever. I may, with perfect modesty, speak of the address as a noble document, seeing that I had no hand in its preparation, and that it was the sole work of Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, on whose part you may be sure it was a labor of love. I, however, send it to you by the post, and you can judge whether it does not contain all that you could even desire the heart of the British nation to express. It would, perhaps, be difficult to conceive of a more interesting scene than that which took place when the address was presented to Dr. Cheever. There was something so touching in the words which Mr. Thompson addressed to the Doctor, while that gentleman's reply was so hearty and unaffected, that every one felt moved by a sympathetic feeling stronger than that which finds vent in boisterous applause.

But now let me make a remark or two on the public meeting. Under any circumstances, and at any period of the year, it would have been a great meeting, but held in the month of August it was a triumphant one. Sir Morton Peto would have presided had not unavoidable circumstances prevented his attendance, but he has promised to preside next year. In his absence who could be so suitable a chairman as Mr. Thoresby, the minister of Spafields Chapel—the noble building which was placed at our disposal without the slightest charge, and with a cordiality which showed how thoroughly the minister and his deacons sympathized with the objects of the meeting. Would that this good example were more widely followed! If we had had months in which to prepare for Dr. Cheever's reception it is doubtful whether we could have made the meeting render him more honor than it did. The hearty and comprehensive resolution, thanking Dr. Cheever for his labors in the anti slavery cause; fully endorsing the position which he has taken up in the United States; and expressing a desire that his efforts to communicate information in this country on the relations of the American Churches with slavery might be attended with abundant success—could not have been moved by a more appropriate person than the Rev. George Smith, the Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales—a man who is the official representative in this country of that religious body of which Dr. Cheever is so distinguished an ornament in America. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. John Stoughton of Kensington, who is well known and exercises great influence as the editor of *The Evangelical Magazine*. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, editor of *The British Standard*, supported the resolution in a speech which, like those of his two predecessors, was pervaded by a most admirable spirit. Dr. Cheever, who, on rising, was greeted with a tempest of applause, was the next speaker. I will not, because I cannot, attempt a description of his speech. It has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in the vigor of its language, the power and brilliancy of its similes, and the terrible grandeur of its denunciations of slavery and the pro-slavery Churches of America. It produced a deep and lasting impression upon the audience—an impression which will never be effaced. The first resolution having been enthusiastically adopted, Mr. W. H. Day, a colored gentleman from Canada, moved the next resolution, which, after pledging the meeting to support every movement for the extirpation of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world, urged especially that measures should be adopted for removing any disabilities from which the colored people might suffer in the British colonies. This resolution, extraordinary to relate, was seconded by the Rev. Thomas James, the Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society—the very Society which, let us hope under some misconception of the facts of the case, recently supported a minister named Macfie who against the eloquent and Christ-like remonstrance of his colleague, Mr. Clarke, had introduced the negro pew system into a missionary Church in Vancouver's Island. There was no mistake about the power and earnestness of public opinion on this question. Never did the religious world remonstrate in clearer or more emphatic language; and never did the organs of the press give more forcible expression to the public feeling. Hence the Colonial Missionary Society have seen the necessity of yielding to influences which they could not control; and hence the appearance of their Secretary upon a platform where he might hope to restore the confidence which had been shaken. The papers sent herewith contain a pretty full report of Mr. James's speech and of Mr. Thompson's most eloquent and telling reply—a speech which, though brief, was characterized by all the old fire. After a few earnest words from Mr. Wilks, the proceedings terminated, and the twenty-sixth anniversary of West India Emancipation had received a worthy celebration.

LONDON EMANCIPATION COMMITTEE'S ADDRESS TO DR. CHEEVER.

[Reported for THE STANDARD.]

ON Wednesday afternoon, the 1st of August, prior to the great public meeting in the evening at Spafields Chapel, a Soirée was given by the respected Treasurer of the Committee, DENNIS MCDONNELL, Esq., at his residence, No. 65 Pentonville Road. Amongst the ladies and gentlemen assembled on the occasion were the following: Mr. George Thompson, Chairman, and Mr. F. W. Chesson, Honorary Secretary of the Committee; the Rev. J. Stoughton, Editor of *The Evangelical Magazine*, and Minister of the Congregational Chapel, Kensington; the Rev. Daniel Ace, B. A., Curate of St. Stephens, Bow; the Rev. T. Chapman, M. A., Incumbent of the parish of Aldgate; Rev. D'Arcy Irvine, M. A., Incumbent of Wandsworth; Rev. T. James (brother of the late John Angell James), Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society; Rev. J. C. Gallaway, M. A., minister of the Congregational Church, Kilburn; Rev. W. O'Neill, M. A., minister of Broad street Chapel, city of London (formerly the chapel of Dr. Isaac Watts); Rev. W. H. Bonner, pastor of Trinity Chapel, Southwark; Rev. T. Jones, Blackheath; Rev. W. Jones, Islington; Capt. Maclaen; Capt. Kennedy, of Canada, Commander of Lady Franklin's Expedition to the Arctic regions, and discoverer of Bellot's Straits; Mr. Washburn, of Abergavenny, and Mrs. Washburn (sister of Dr. Cheever); Mr. and Mrs. McDonnell; Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Norworthy and Mrs. Chesson (daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson); Mr. Angus Jenning, Mrs. R. D. Webb, of Dublin, and Mrs. Harvey; Mr. R. L. Corkran, Superintendent of the Spicer Street Mission; Mr. and Mrs. William Craft; Mr. A. R. Isbister, M. A., of the College of Preceptors, and Professor in the London University; Mr. Clark of *The Christian World*; Mr. Farmer, editor of *The Clerkenwell News*, Mr. Whittaker of Blackheath, Mr. Washburn, Jr., &c.

After the repast, and when every guest had been introduced to Dr. Cheever, the company assembled in the spacious drawing-room, when Mr. George Thompson took the chair, with Dr. Cheever seated at his right hand.

The Chairman rose and said: The members of the London Emancipation Committee, formed in this metropolis for the promotion of the abolition of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world, but more especially with a view to cooperation with the friends of emancipation in the United States, have met and unanimously adopted an Address to our distinguished guest, now present, the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, who is accompanied by his estimable wife, also amongst us, who nobly shares (and joyfully, too) all his persecutions, his labors and his glory (cheers). It would be inconvenient, and indeed undesirable, on this occasion, to present our address apart from the grand body of the guests now assembled under this roof, and it will therefore be presented in your presence. Let it be distinctly understood, however, that none are committed to the sentiments contained in this document but the members of the Committee. We alone are responsible for the language we have employed, the introduction of the names which have been mentioned, and for the principles which are herein commended. If, however, ladies and gentlemen, when you shall have heard it, you should feel disposed to confirm it by your approval, its value will be enhanced in the eyes of its recipient, and the Committee will rejoice in your confirmation of the views and feelings we have expressed in the address to our honored and beloved friend, which Mr. Chesson will now read (loud cheers). Mr. Chesson then read the address, which was listened to with profound attention, and at its close the satisfaction of the assembly was evinced by loud applause.

REV. AND MUCH ESTEEMED SIR: We gladly embrace the opportunity which your arrival and temporary sojourn in this city affords us, of making known to you, personally and officially, the sentiments of high regard with which your character has inspired us, and our sincere admiration of the exalted and humane purposes to which you have devoted the rare abilities with which it has pleased the Master whom you serve to endow you.

Your name—familiar to us all, as that of a ripe scholar, an eloquent divine, and an accomplished author—has been long cherished as an ornament of English literature, and an honor to the Christian Church. But as a Committee for the promotion of the cause of Negro Emancipation, we are prompted to offer you this tribute of our respect and esteem, less on account of your reputation in the world of letters, and your distinction as a pulpit orator, than because of the fidelity, moral courage and disinterested devotion you have manifested, in defence of the moral character and government of God, in the interest of four millions of the American people held in bondage, the cry of whose wrongs pierces the ear of the civilized world.

Your attachment to the cause of the slave is of no recent growth or development. The Chairman of this Committee has borne public and grateful testimony to your heroic conduct in the year 1835 (a year which will be ever memorable in the annals of the American Abolition Movement)—a year of fiery persecution, gag law and mob violence, when you spontaneously opened the place of worship in which you then ministered, to the British advocate of immediate emancipation, and stood by him unfalteringly, till the fury of the storm led him to seek the preservation of his life by departing from your city. This fact in your anti-slavery history would, we venture to think, alone be sufficient to secure for you the confidence of British Abolitionists. But your claim upon their confidence and gratitude rests also upon more recent acts, which have demonstrated how deep and unchangeable were the principles you espoused a quarter of a century ago.

Ten years ago you occupied the position of minister over one of the most numerous, wealthy and influential congregations in the city of New York, and nothing was required of you but that your views on the subject of slavery should be in harmony with those of the ministers of religion generally in the United States; or that you should utter but occasional and qualified expressions of your anti-slavery convictions. A crisis came, and, true to your antecedents, you "conferred not with flesh and blood," but stood forth, "faithful amongst the faithless found," the inflexible vindicator of the immutable obligations of the Divine law, in opposition to a nation that, for a time, allowed a human statute to supersede the positive mandates of the Most High God.

On the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill in 1850, when the majority of the clergymen of the United States supported that most infamous enactment, and preached obedience to its diabolical provisions, you, faithful to your high office, did not cease to "cry aloud," denouncing it from the Word of God as an outrage upon natural rights, and subversive of the fundamental principles of morality and religion.

Again, in 1855, when the Government, the Congress and the Slave Power combined, had trampled upon a solemn national compact, and had thrown down the barrier to the extension of slavery over the vast unpeopled territories of the West—a measure which led to the horrors and bloodshed perpetrated by "Border Ruffianism" in Kansas, you came forth as the exposer of a perfidious breach of faith, as the defender of God's violated law, and as the denouncer of the machinations of a guilty confederacy.

We have present to our minds, also, your equally unflinching condemnation of the barbarous Dred Scott decision; your powerful efforts to convince the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of their complicity in the crime of slavery; your enlightened, just and generous defence of the memory of that worthy descendant from the Puritans, the Martyr-Abolitionist, JOHN BROWN; and, lastly, your appearance, without compromise of your own peculiar views, upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in harmonious action against the common enemy of the rights of God and man, with the illustrious pioneer and champion of the Anti-Slavery movement, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In this career of holy obedience to, and earnest zeal for, the honor of our common Savior, and the freedom from personal bonds of those for whom He died, you have been required to "endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," and you have approved yourself as one.

You have been called to witness disagreements and divisions in your Church, and to suffer grievously from defection, desertion, misrepresentation, calumny and conspiracy. You have stood unmoved; and now, with a diminished, but united, purified and devoted people, who, for a time, have consented to part with you, you come amongst us, accompanied by their prayers, and heralded by commendations to our hearts from the best and truest friends of the down-trodden slave, by whatever name they may be known. We hail your advent on our shores with joy. We receive you to our confidence, and offer you our earnest coöperation in the prosecution of any mission you may have in connection with the downfall of slavery. You may render a much needed service to that cause in this country. It is required that the eyes of the Christian public of Great Britain should be opened to the extent and guilt of the connection of the American Churches with slavery; to the terrible corruption of the Word of God, and prostitution of the precepts of Christianity, which have resulted from the growth and prevalence of slavery; and to the solemn duty of the Christian bodies of this country to cease from communion with those in America who, in any relation, are accomplices with "men-stealers."

Accept this imperfect expression of our unfeigned gratitude for the labors you have accomplished in the cause of truth and justice. Be assured we shall follow you in all your future steps with the deepest solicitude for your welfare and success, and with devout wishes that, after a period at once of recreation and usefulness, you, and the endeared partner of your benevolent labors, may be safely restored to that city in which you have so long and so faithfully declared "the whole counsel of God," and which, when slavery shall be known no more, will honor and consecrate the name of GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Mr. Thompson again rose and said: Dr. Cheever, with emotions which impair my powers of utterance, I now place this address in your hands. At present, our thoughts are expressed upon paper, but should you value it in any degree proportionate to the esteem we cherish towards yourself, and should you wish to possess it in a form more durable, we will take care that before you quit our shores it shall assume a form in which you may transmit it to those who shall come after you, that they may know the feelings which your labors for the oppressed, and for the vindication of God's truth, have inspired in the hearts of the members of the London Emancipation Committee, of which I have the honor to be chairman (cheers). For myself, allow me to say that the sentiments contained in this address are no mere ebullition of recently awakened admiration of your character. My knowledge of the steadfastness with which you adhere to the principles which you early derived from the Word of God, is founded upon the uniform career you have pursued for five and twenty years. In 1835, when you were a minister of the gospel in Salem, Massachusetts, and I was a missionary in the cause of negro emancipation in the United States, in that year of darkness and of danger, when he who avowed himself the friend of "the abolition incendiary, George Thompson," was exposed to the fury of pro-slavery mobs—in that year of riotings, and burnings, and lynch law, you, already an intrepid champion of free speech, received me to your home, your pulpit and your heart, and "made yourself of no reputation," nay, risked life itself rather than yield to the behest of an infuriated multitude (loud cheers). The foreigner whom you befriended then, welcomes you with joy and gratitude to the metropolis of his native land—the more so, that you have given me the crowning proof of your anti-slavery sincerity and nobleness of character, by appearing on the same platform in the city of New York, and again in Boston, with my cherished friends, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and their devoted coadjutors. I might enumerate many claims which you possess to the respect, admiration, gratitude, love and support of the Protestant community in these islands, besides that which is founded upon your anti-slavery fidelity; but, as an Emancipation Committee, we have confined ourselves to your merits in connection with the cause in which we are engaged, not doubting that your other services in the cause of humanity and truth will be duly and gratefully recognized. Ladies and gentlemen, I feel assured I may convey to Dr. Cheever, and to Mrs. Cheever, a warm congragulation, on your behalf, on their arrival on our shores, and express for you, as well as for ourselves, a fervent hope that their visit may prove to them full of comfort and encouragement, and that the gracious Providence that has brought them in safety to our shores may conduct them in health and strength, when their sojourn amongst us shall terminate, in like safety to their native country, and crown their future lives with the richest blessings and the most abundant success (loud applause).

Dr. CHEEVER, who, on rising, appeared much affected by the warmth of the sympathy which had been displayed, said: May God bless you, my dear friends, and also this kind Committee, for your and their great goodness to me; not for my sake only, but for the sake of that great cause which we are all endeavoring to keep near our hearts. Sir, this address to me recalls the most deeply interesting and thrilling period of my life—the scenes and dangers through which we mutually passed, when you were in hourly peril of your life, and when there were but few friends of the slave to gather around you. I thank God now, that I had the privilege, to the best of my ability, to stand by you at that time. And now, I cannot express the emotions of my heart in reference to this very kind reception, or respecting the value of it in connection with the Church of which I am the pastor. Most highly do we appreciate such acts of sympathy as those we have received from the Churches of Great Britain. Our Church, I trust, will, by the blessing of God, be maintained in its present position. Be assured we shall do nothing to forfeit your respect. Heed not the calumnies which have been put in print, even on the very eve of our departure for these shores, so that I could not answer them on the spot. They have been sent forth to forestall and injure my reception amongst you, and prevent the accomplishment of the objects for which it is known I left my native land. Once more, dear brethren and beloved friends, members of the Committee, accept my heartfelt thanks for this your great kindness to me (cheers).

The company soon after adjourned to the great meeting in Spafields Chapel.

The British Standard, of August 3d, says:

"Dr. Cheever has made a noble commencement of his Christ-like mission. The assembly at Spafields Chapel, which was both large and respectable, manifested an intelligence equal to the full comprehension of the great subject in all its length, breadth and bearings. The meeting was one of a deeply interesting character. Dr. Cheever was of course the great centre of attraction, and, as such, it became him to occupy most of the evening, which he did in a manner highly satisfactory to all present. The address, which we publish verbatim, was less an oration than a dissertation, which, for point, force and brilliancy, we believe has never been surpassed on the anti-slavery platform."

This address may be expected to appear in our columns next week.

CHEERING REPORT FROM NEW JERSEY.

MULLICA HILL, N. J., August 13, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I WISH to add one item to the record of passing events in the world of Reform. Pursuant to an extensive public notice, the Friends of Reform in West Jersey had a grand Mass Convention last week, near Sweedesboro', in Gloucester County. Ample arrangements and preparations were made for continuing the meetings two days. The weather was fine, and it is seldom that such a crowd gets together in this region as assembled on that occasion. That old veteran, STACY HAZELTON, was appointed to preside. During the four protracted sessions the speaking was mostly of a high order, soul-inspiring and instructive. Many hundreds were out who were comparatively strangers to the principles and labors of the world's living reformers and apostles.

The respectful decorum, the profound attention and eager interest of these audiences was gratifying and encouraging to our friends.

Rev. SAMUEL AARON gave two powerful and impressive discourses. M. B. LINTON, of Newtown, Pa., was in his best mood; his theme was Anti-Slavery. WILLIAM BARNARD, J. BOND, N. W. BROWN and E. H. COATES, all spoke and presented different aspects of the world's great movement in practical righteousness.

The greatest novelty of the occasion was that of a young girl of seventeen summers taking the platform and giving an off-hand and eloquent address in defence of "Woman's Rights;" occupying an hour the first afternoon, and on the next morning continuing her theme in a strain of the most impressive eloquence, indicating an intellectual ability, a range of information and maturity of thought, seldom found in one so young. In the afternoon she spoke on Anti-Slavery with equal ability, deeply affecting the audience.

On the whole, the meeting was all its friends could wish it to be—a perfect triumph, and so general was this feeling, that it was resolved to hold similar mass meetings in this vicinity annually hereafter.

Miss ANNA E. DICKINSON, the young lady above referred to, is addressing large audiences in the neighboring towns in this region on Woman's Rights, Anti-Slavery and Temperance. We hope she may be induced to continue in a field of labor she promises so well to occupy.

REPORTER.

ATTEMPTS TO RECAPTURE S. M. BOOTH.

U. S. MARSHALS FOILED—THE PEOPLE AROUSED.

THE rescue of Sherman M. Booth from his long confinement in the Custom House in Milwaukee was briefly announced in our columns last week. The event created an intense excitement in Wisconsin, and so fixed was the determination of large bodies of the people to protect him, that, at the date of the last advices, the United States Marshals had been entirely unable to recapture him. The rescue was thus announced in the Milwaukee *Free Democrat:*

"THE PEOPLE'S WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS SERVED—THE U. S. BASTILE STORMED—S. M. BOOTH SET AT LIBERTY.—At exactly a quarter past 12 o'clock to-day, the first day of August—memorable in the annals of history as being the anniversary of freedom throughout the British West Indies—ten noble-hearted men, with strong arms and liberty-loving hearts, armed with the consciousness of doing a noble act, and ministering to the freedom of one who, for just five months to-day, has been held in bondage by the Slave Power, walked up the stairs in the Custom House, and liberated S. M. Booth from confinement.

"The thing was handsomely done, and the prisoner, under the escort of a few friends, walked over to the residence of T. J. Salsman, his brother-in-law, on Second street, where a large concourse of people soon gathered, many of them congratulating Mr. Booth upon his escape from the kidnappers who have so long held him in their power.

"Not many minutes had elapsed, however, before our worthy United States Marshal, Jehu H. Lewis, was seen making his way through the crowd, inquiring for his prisoner. While some unfeeling persons taunted him by asking if he knew which ward he was in, others assured him that his prisoner had escaped—had left the country. And in fact, as the Marshal's vigilant eye detected a carriage driving off on a back street, he started on a dog trot after it, desiring, no doubt, to catch one more glimpse of the benign looking countenance of Mr. Booth, as it faded away in the distance. Fearing, however, that he had been 'sold,' he tacked ship, and came up near the house, in front, where he presented a complete picture of despair. The wind playfully whistled through his silver hair, his eyes looked like two peeled onions, and his long thin legs fairly trembled beneath the weight of his body, although remarkably attenuated and gaunt.

"The consolations of the slaveholders' gospel were administered to him by a few of his admiring friends, who ought to have been ashamed to be seen conniving with him for the recapture of his prisoner, and amid shouts for Booth and liberty, which fairly made the welkin ring, mingled with groans deep and loud for the Marshal and his whole kidnapping crew, we left the scene of action to throw this brief sketch into print.

"Three cheers for the people's writ of *habeas corpus*, enforced over the heads of a timid, delicate judiciary!

"The first impulse is to smile over the ridiculous features of the transaction. After all the boasts of the government officials, the collection of guns, pistols, swords, etc., etc., the array of guards, the marching and countermarching, the pomp and circumstance of awful war generally, to have some half a dozen men walk quietly up stairs, take possession of the trembling guard, open the prison door, take out the prisoner, and thrust in the guard and lock him up in his place, and walk quietly down street, is certainly a most excellent joke, and laughable enough. And if it lacked anything in that respect, the subsequent conduct of the United States Marshal would make it all up. We venture to say there is not an old lady in the city but would have exhibited more pluck, decision and force on the occasion. The United States, as represented by Buchanan, Black, Jehu Lewis, and Michael Burke, has been fairly subdued by ten individuals from the rural districts. We would have preferred to have the laws and sovereignty of the State otherwise enforced, but as they could not or would not be, we are glad they have been enforced as they have. And we are particularly glad that we have no bloodshed and little strife to record in connection with their vindication. The three Judges of the Supreme Bench, lacking the courage or something else to accomplish what has been done under the forms of law, we are glad ten men were found who did not lack that courage or something else to do it, if in violation of the *forms* certainly not in violation of the *spirit* of the law. For their devotion to sound principle, their courage and discretion, these men are to be commended as much as ever men were, for perilling their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors in such a cause. They will be persecuted, beyond question, by the despotism which has had its prey thus torn from it, but the power of this class of men is coming to a close, and their ability to persecute will soon be over. Democrats as well as Republicans were thoroughly disgusted with the action of the Administration, and there will be no distinction of party in rejoicing over the manner in which it has been fooled. And in a contest, as this was, between a distinctive law and the public conscience, in which one or the other had to succumb or be destroyed, we have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that it was vastly better for the interests of the nation that the law should be trampled under foot, as it has, than that the public conscience should be ruined. It might have been better, but, nevertheless, it is well. Should new efforts be made to kidnap Booth, we trust those engaged in them may be dealt with summarily and without benefit of clergy."

A rumor that Mr. Booth would make a speech the evening after the rescue drew a crowd in front of his brother-in-law's residence, but he did not appear. The people were addressed, however, by other gentlemen, who justified the rescuers and received the heartiest cheers.

United States Marshal Lewis immediately offered a reward of $100 for Booth's apprehension. The Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, however, boldly announced, *by authority*, that the rescued prisoner, by the advice of his physicians, had gone to spend a few days in the country, and *would return to the city* after having regained his strength and sufficiently recovered from a debility occasioned by his long confinement. It was even so defiant as to say, distinctly, that he was boarding with Maj. Hegg, the State Prison Commissioner at Waupun. In the same number of the paper appeared a communication stating that the friends of Law and Order wished it distinctly understood by all the "tools" of Judge Miller's tyranny, that they had taken counsel of the law and the best lawyers, and had advised Mr. Booth that the best way to get his case before the State Courts would be to KILL the officer attempting to arrest him. This would change the issue and make a case on which Judge Paine could sit. The question before the Supreme Court would then be, whether the act of killing to maintain his liberty after having once been discharged by said Court, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, was murder or self-defence.

Marshal Lewis, hearing that Mr. Booth was at Waupun, in the house of the keeper of the State Prison, sent a communication to Maj. Hegg, the Prison Commissioner, in which he said: "You are hereby required, if said Booth is within your prison walls, to surrender him into my custody; and, in case of necessity, to assist me with the police of the prison in executing the laws of the United States." To this the following answer was returned:

Hon. J. H. LEWIS, U.S. Marshal—*Dear Sir:* Your note of August 2 is received, and in answer to it allow me to say that Mr. Booth is not secreted within the prison walls. He is at present visiting with me, and at his own liberty to go wherever he pleases. As to rendering you any assistance to aid you in his arrest, allow me politely to say that my force is at present employed in a more profitable and honorable way.

I am, very truly yours, HANS C. HEG, S. P. C.

Major Hegg, in a letter to the Milwaukee *Free Democrat*, further says:

"While writing the reply to Marshal Lewis's letter, I had Booth called into the office from his breakfast, and introduced him to Deputy Marshal Garlick, and then in the presence of a dozen persons invited him and gave him all the opportunity he wanted to arrest him. Mr. Booth was here all day yesterday. The gate was ready to be opened at any call from any one; I even sent an invitation to Deputy Marshal Henry to come up to the prison, but the Marshal never made his appearance. In the evening Mr. Booth appeared in Dodge's Hall, in this village, and spoke to a large audience of people, to which even, I believe, the Deputy Marshals themselves will testify."

From Waupun Mr. Booth went to Ripon. What followed will be found recorded below:

From The Ripon Times Extra.

RIPON, August 5, 1860.

S. M. BOOTH arrived in this city on Saturday morning, under an armed escort from Waupun. Notice that he would speak at the City Hall in the evening was sent out, and at the appointed time a large audience crammed the Hall to its utmost capacity, while some hundreds in the streets were unable to gain admittance.

The meeting was called to order by C. J. Allen, when Wm. Starr was chosen Chairman, and Mr. Allen Secretary. Mr. Booth was introduced to the audience, and was greeted with hearty applause, and bouquets were thrown upon the platform by several ladies.

Mr. Booth had proceeded for some time with his speech, when Deputy Marshal F. D. McCarty, of Fond du Lac, suddenly came on the platform, and said, "I have a warrant to arrest you, Mr. Booth." He barely succeeded in putting one hand on Mr. Booth when he was instantly pulled away by the bystanders. A scene of intense excitement and indescribable confusion followed. "Kill him," "Shoot him," "Hang him," went up in shouts from all parts of the Hall. McCarty was thrust out of the Hall by the enraged people, being kicked and beaten by his pursuers, and was thrown down the lower flight of stairs, falling upon his face. Instantly regaining his feet he fled, to the Mapes House, followed by the crowd in pursuit. The Mapes House was the headquarters of the Marshal and his friends, and they appeared at the door armed and forbade entrance to the pursuers.

At the Hall, as soon as order could be restored, a resolution was offered by E. A. Bovay: "Resolved, That Mr. Booth shall not be rearrested in Ripon," which was adopted amid deafening shouts and hurrahs. Mr. Daniels took the stand and made an impassioned speech for a few minutes, and moved that we now organize a *League of Freedom*, the members of which shall be pledged to resist any attempt to execute the Fugitive Slave Act. One hundred and twenty persons were enrolled as fast as the names could be written. E. A. Bovay was elected President, and C. J. Allen, Secretary. A Vigilance Committee of twelve members was appointed, consisting of Edward Daniels, O. H. LaGrange, A. B. Pratt, Dana Lamb, A. E. Bovay, C. D. Loper, J. S. Landon, F. R. Stewart, I. A. Norton, F. WeCooke, Lucius Thacher, A. M. May, Benjamin Pratt, L. P. Rivenburgh. The mass of the people then formed a procession, preceded by the Ripon Wide Awakes, and escorted Mr. Booth to the residence of Prof. Daniels. Some twelve or fifteen persons were put on volunteer guard, to defend the residence of Prof. Daniels, and the remainder dispersed.

The Vigilance Committee held a meeting this morning and took measures to effect a Military organization to subserve the purpose of the League.

To-day the people have been pouring in from the country, and at three o'clock a mass meeting was held in a grove. Col. A. Kinney was called to the chair, and C. J. Allen appointed Secretary. A Committee consisting of Edward Daniels, A. Pickett, C. J. Allen, J. W. Sanders, I. A. Norton, P. F. Drury and F. Burt was appointed to prepare resolutions. Mr. Booth then addressed the meeting. After which M. LaGrange was called out and spoke for a short time. Mr. Daniels reported from the committee a series of resolutions, which were adopted unanimously. A procession then formed and marched to the City Hall—Mr. Booth going to the Hall, as he had gone to the grove, escorted by a body of armed men. The Hall was taken possession of and guards stationed for its defence.

At the Hall a committee of ten was appointed to wait upon the Deputy Marshals here, and request them to leave town. Messrs. William Starr, A. E. Bovay, E. Reynolds, C. J. Allen, I. A. Norton, F. A. Strong, F. R. Stewart, L. P. Rivenburgh, A. Pratt and A. Leonard were appointed such committee, who repaired to the Mapes House and had an interview with Deputy Marshals McCarty, Henry, Stryker and Garlick. Mr. Starr conveyed to them the request of the meeting, and received from them an answer, that they were United States officers, that they had in their possession a warrant for the arrest of S. M. Booth, and they should depart quietly when such departure was consistent with the performance of their duties.

While the committee and Marshals were in conference, Rev. Hiram McKee addressed a large concourse of people in the street.

At this writing the streets are crowded with excited people, and Mr. Booth is strongly guarded at the Hall, to which only known friends are admitted.

MONDAY MORNING.—Comparative order and quiet reign this morning. The City Hall is vacant. Mr. Booth has gone—where, the public do not know—report says he is on his way to Milwaukee—that he left town about eleven o'clock last night—and two Deputy Marshals are in pursuit.

REIGN OF TERROR IN TEXAS.

WE have hitherto said nothing of the current reports of incendiarism, insurrection and Lynch law in Northern Texas, partly because our columns have been much crowded, and partly because we have been unable clearly to discern the truth in the case. The Texas papers declare that evidence has been discovered of a wide-spread conspiracy among the slaves, instigated by white men (pronounced Abolitionists, of course), to murder the slaveholders and escape either to Kansas or Mexico. Alarm was first excited by extensive fires occurring almost simultaneously in different parts of Northern Texas, and destroying much valuable property. The entire business portion of Dallas, the shire town of the County bearing the same name, was burned on the 8th of July—loss estimated at $400,000. On the same day there were fires, more or less extensive, in ten or a dozen other places, in Dallas and adjoining Counties. Dr. Pryor, editor of the Dallas *Herald*, in a letter written July 15th, after describing these fires, said:

"A most diabolical plan was then discovered to devastate this entire portion of Northern Texas, extending even to the Red River Counties. White men, friends of the abolition preachers, Blunt and McKinney, who were expelled from the country last year, are the instigators of the plot. The whole plan is systematically conceived and most ingeniously contrived. It makes the blood run cold to hear the details. This whole country was to be laid waste with fire, destroying all the ammunition, provisions, arms, etc., to get the country in a state of helplessness, and then, *on election day in August*, to make a general insurrection, aided and assisted by emissaries from the North, and persons friendly to them in our midst. This sphere of operations is districted and sub-districted, giving to each division a close supervision by one energetic white man who controls the negroes as his subordinates."

A correspondent of the Houston *Telegraph*, writing from Dallas, July 21, said:

"Nearly or quite a hundred negroes have been arrested, and upon a close examination, separate and apart from each other, they deposed to the existence of a plot or conspiracy to lay waste the country by fire and assassination—to impoverish the land by the destruction of the provisions, arms and ammunition, and *then*, when in a state of helplessness, a general revolt of the negroes was to begin on the first Monday in August, the day of election for State officers. This conspiracy is aided and abetted by abolition emissaries from the North, and by those in our midst. The details of the plot, and its *modus operandi*, are these: Each County in Northern Texas has a supervisor in the person of a white man, whose name is not given; each County is laid off into districts under the sub-agents of this villain, who controls the action of the negroes in said districts, by whom the firing was to be done. Many of our most prominent citizens were singled out for assassination whenever they made their escape from their burning homes. Negroes never before suspected are implicated, and the insurrectionary movement is widespread to an extent truly alarming. In some places the plan was conceived in every form shocking to the mind, and frightful in its results. Poisoning was to be added, and the old females to be slaughtered along with the men, and the young and handsome women to be parcelled out amongst these infamous scoundrels. They had even gone so far as to designate their choice, and certain ladies had already been selected as the victims of these misguided monsters. Fortunately, the country has been saved from the accomplishment of these horrors; but then, a fearful duty remains for us. The negroes have been incited to these infernal proceedings by Abolitionists, and the emissaries of certain preachers who were expelled from this County last year. Their agents have been busy amongst us, and many of them have been in our midst. Some of them have been identified, but have fled from the country, others still remain, to receive a fearful accountability from an outraged and infuriated people. Nearly a hundred negroes have testified that a large reinforcement of Abolitionists is expected on the first of August, and these to be aided by recruits from the Indian tribes, while the Rangers are several hundred miles to the North of us. It was desired to destroy Dallas, in order that the arms and ammunition of the artillery company might share the same fate. Our jail is filled with the villains, many of whom will be hung, and that very soon. A man was found hung at our neighboring city of Fort Worth, two days ago, believed to be one of those scoundrels who are engaged in this work. We learn that he had stored away a number of rifles, and the day after he was hung a load of six-shooters passed on to him, but were intercepted. He was betrayed by one of the gang, and hence his plans were thwarted. Many others will share his fate. I have never witnessed such times. We are most profoundly excited. We go armed day and night, and know not what we shall be called upon to do. The circumstances are frightful, and I fear that the trouble is not confined to this State.

"The investigation of this unholy conspiracy is now going on in our town and surrounding Counties. I will keep you posted as new developments are made. John Brown and his few followers were *fools*, compared with the men engaged in this affair. Developments of the most alarming character, and calculated to shake our Government to its very centre, are looked for."

Here are extracts from another letter, of a subsequent date, from the same place:

"MONDAY, July 23.—An immense concourse of people, from all parts of the country, is here awaiting the action of the Committee of Vigilance. The stage came in from Waxahachie yesterday, bringing news of the high state of excitement in that town. The conspiracy and insurrectionary spirit extend to that place in all the horrid forms contemplated at this place. Throughout the country, so far as we can learn, the same thing exists. That town was destined to be burned, the people to be poisoned and slaughtered, and the remaining property to be distributed among the victorious blacks. On Red Oak Creek, the chief prisoner has been arrested and executed. Negroes at Waxahachie have been detected with the poison in their possession; and a runner in town yesterday reports that there have been several executions at that place. We have not yet received the particulars. The Committee of Vigilance have been in session all day, and this evening they announced that three of the ringleaders of the insurrection are to be hanged to-morrow.

"TUESDAY, July 24.—This evening, at 4 o'clock, the three ringleaders, Sam, Cato and Patrick, were escorted from the jail, under a strong guard, to the place of execution. An immense concourse of citizens and negroes assembled. As they passed through the town, they surveyed with composure the ruins of the once flourishing town that now lay a blackened mass before them. Patrick remained calm and collected during the whole day, and betrayed no remorse or feeling whatever in view of his approaching doom. He it was who fired the town, and the night after its destruction glorified himself for the deed, and pronounced it only the commencement of the good work. Sam Smith, so called from the name of his master, was an old negro preacher, who had imbibed most of his villanous principles from two abolition preachers, Blunt and McKinney, who lived in the country a year before, and had much intercourse with him. Cato had always enjoyed a bad reputation. They met their fate with a composure worthy of a better cause. Patrick, with unparalleled *nonchalance*, died with a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and refused to make any statement whatever. They were hung on the bank of the river, above town, and are buried beneath the gallows. Investigations are still going on throughout the country, all of which tend to confirm the facts elicited at this place. The evidence obtained before the Committee will be published in due time."

From The Houston Telegraph, July 31.

In view of the disturbances on our northern boundary, a large meeting of slaveowners was held in the town of Anderson, on the 26th. A Vigilance Committee was organized, and resolutions adopted recommending the expulsion of all white persons suspected of entertaining abolition sentiments, reprobating the practice of giving general passes, and selling liquor and arms to slaves, and recommending all ministers of the gospel to abstain from preaching to slaves during the present year. It has been ascertained that the negroes of Grimes County have held secret meetings, and many of them are supplied with arms. The action of the people in forming a Vigilance Committee is well-timed. A like meeting was held in Hempstead on the same day, at which precautionary measures were taken. *The Courier* learns that a suspicious character, dressed in black, has been seen lurking about, at late hours of the night, where he could not possibly have any legitimate business. Suspicious characters should be closely watched. *The Reporter* urges that a meeting should be held at Richmond.

We learn from private advices that there has been some excitement in Washington County. *The Ranger* of Friday makes mention of the holding of meetings about Brenham, and the appointment of a Vigilance Committee. A letter in *The Waco Democrat*, written from Waxahachie, by Judge Buford of Dallas, confirms the accounts of the troubles in Ellis and Dallas. It says:

"Since you left this place the investigations of the Vigilance Committee of Dallas have led to very important discoveries, implicating nearly all the negroes of Ellis and adjoining counties. To-day, a Committee was organized in this county, who have ascertained the existence of a most perfect and thorough organization, having for its object an indiscriminate massacre of the white population. *Under the lash*, the negroes have admitted that they had in their possession deadly poisons, to be administered to their masters' families in food; and when demanded of them, they have gone to the kitchen and produced the poison."

There was some excitement in Austin last week, arising from an attempt to burn the town. An efficient night-watch has been organized. In Fayette County a band of runaways was thought to have been organized to make a break for Mexico. In Wood County a public meeting was held on the 19th, and a Vigilance Committee was appointed, as well as a watch for the town of Quitman. The movement was deemed prudential on account of the reports from Dallas, Denton and Ellis Counties. On the night of the 20th, a man was seen approaching one of the stores with a bundle of shavings. The guard fired a shot-gun at him, but he escaped.

The Gilmer Tribune reports the arrest of three negroes in that town on the 19th. They had in their possession passes, papers, and various documents, way-bills to the Indian nation, pistols, powder, caps and writing materials. They said they were from Henderson County. The house of Dr. W. W. Stell of Lamar County was fired by a negro on the 16th, and completely burned. On the 19th there was held in Paris a meeting, at which precautionary measures were adopted, and patrols recommended. *The Henderson New Era* urges vigilance and watchfulness on the part of the people. A runaway negro was shot near Victoria last Sunday week.

In every part of the State the people appear to be on the alert, and we have no fear of any further outbreak. The troubles in Ellis, Dallas, Denton and Tarrant Counties will be settled by the citizens. The Committees are at work there are composed of the best men in the several counties, and seem determined to make a clean thing of the matter. They are receiving the support of the whole population.

Some of the papers affect to ridicule the idea that this has been an outbreak planned and controlled by Abolitionists. We think there can be no earthly doubt of the fact. The plot seems to have been deep laid and wide spread. A large amount of imported arms and ammunition have been discovered in negroes' hands, and in one instance (Fort Worth) an arsenal was seized, having fifty shot-guns and fifty revolvers, ready for distribution to the negroes by a white man. The white man was, of course, hung to the nearest tree. The plan was to be executed simultaneously in several counties, and in the same way in all. Stores and dwelling houses were burned, and others were to have been burned. The people were to have been attacked on election day, and killed by poison, by shooting, etc., and the whole band was to rendezvous for fifty miles around, and march in a body to Kansas or Mexico.

The negroes from all parts of Dallas, Ellis and Denton Counties have confessed, sometimes voluntarily, and *sometimes under the lash*, but all to the same effect, and all reporting the same features of the plot. The investigations of the committees have necessarily been carried on with closed doors, and it has been deemed prudent to make no publication of the names of parties implicated, until they shall be able to establish their guilt, and, above all, till they shall be able to arrest them.

It seems that outside of these counties the plot was not so well laid, and attempts to carry it out have thus far failed. It is very doubtful to our mind whether it extended as far as some think, though the patrols established in many of the counties will be apt to bring to light all the facts in the case. We believe, however, that the plot was only perfected in Dallas and Denton, but had it not been discovered then it would have been extended to half the counties in the State.

The Houston *True Southron* of the 28th has the following paragraph in connection with the above subject:

"Just as we are going to press news has arrived here from a reliable source that 22 negroes have been arrested and are to be hung in Waxahatchie to-day."

Such are the tales of horror that reach us through the Texas papers. The evidence of the existence of the "dreadful conspiracy" having been extorted from slaves UNDER THE LASH, is not, of course, entitled to the least credit. We all know how susceptible a slaveholding community is to tales of this sort, and how, after an excitement has once been created, the most absurd and exaggerated reports obtain easy currency. While it would not be surprising if some men who experienced the "tender mercies" of slavery during the recent struggles in Kansas had attempted, by way of retaliation, to instigate an insurrection in Texas, we have seen no credible evidence that such is the fact; and our own suspicion is, that certain desperate men of the slaveholding party, taking advantage of certain fortuitous occurrences, have raised this terrible excitement to cover a scheme for the banishment from Northern Texas of an increasing class of non-slaveholders who are quietly and peacefully exerting an influence adverse to slavery. The pretence that Abolitionists are engaged in such a scheme of insurrection and murder as that above described is too ridiculous to need serious contradiction where their characters and designs are understood.

Two men—Elders Blunt and McKinney—are mentioned in the above reports as "Abolition preachers," from whom the negroes are supposed to have derived their plans of insurrection. The following report of statements lately made by one of these parties will serve to show how false are the accusations brought against them:

"At a meeting recently held in Fairview, Randolph County, Indiana, Elder Solomon McKinney narrated his adventures in Texas, from which State he was expelled about a year ago. It appears that he left Iowa three years ago and went to Texas to find a desirable residence. Having found a place where his services as a preacher were acceptable, he returned home and took his wife back with him to the South, proposing there to live. This occurred in May of 1859. Before leaving Iowa for the last time, a neighbor requested Mr. McKinney to collect from one Sprowle, in Texas, a sum of money which he owed. After preaching for some time, the Elder one day received a visit from the debtor, Sprowle, and in the course of a friendly conversation the former spoke of the commission with which he had been charged. Sprowle denied the debt, and appeared angry. His next step was to denounce Mr. McKinney as an Abolitionist. A Committee meeting was called, without the knowledge of the accused, and twenty-five or thirty citizens deliberated as to what they should do with him. A number of witnesses were examined, who declared that he was not an Abolitionist but a Democrat, as he had always been. Then Sprowle was called on to give his testimony, which he willingly did, charging the Elder with being a changeling in religion. One Blunt dared to speak in favor of the minister, and he was at once denounced as an accomplice. Mr. McKinney was then preaching a few miles away, and his congregation prepared a certificate to the effect that the charge of Abolitionism was quite false. The editor of the paper in Dallas County was not allowed to publish this certificate, being threatened with the destruction of his property should he do so. A letter was sent to Mrs. McKinney, saying that her husband and Blunt were to be hanged within twenty-four hours, 'six feet in the air.' Under these circumstances, the threatened men thought it expedient to leave the country. They accordingly started, after a sleepless night, during which they sat with loaded guns expecting an attack. Having travelled twelve miles, they were met by nine men, who robbed them and took the party—Mr. and Mrs. McKinney and Mr. Blunt—back to the county town. Mrs. McKinney was left at a private residence; the men were put into the jail. At 3 o'clock the next morning, the latter were taken out and tied to a tree. Then seven of the ruffians flogged them with a heavy cowhide whip, each fellow giving ten strokes. The punishment was very terrible, and the condition of the victims was most deplorable. After being thus beaten, they were allowed to go on their journey, though they were left penniless."

Blunt and McKinney belong to the sect known as Disciples, or Campbellites, distinguished, wherever known, for hostility to abolitionism. Both of them are certified as members of the party calling itself Democratic. If they have revenged themselves for their expulsion from Texas by getting up an insurrection, the Abolitionists are certainly not responsible. *The Houston Republic* of the 28th ult. talks more sensibly than some of its neighbors. It says:

"By many these outrages are attributed to the fanaticism of Northern abolition emissaries, but the true cause will doubtless be found in the whipping an elderly preacher some months since at Dallas, for some imprudent language made use of in a sermon, and the late outrages are the result of the vengeance of the old man's friends. We cannot and do not believe it possible that any white man, not actuated by a more active motive than mere, though mistaken, philanthropy, could so far forget the dictates of humanity as to be willing to unloose these bloodhounds—for such the unbridled passions of negroes would doubtless make them—upon almost defenceless women and children. We have a little better opinion of humanity, though not a very exalted one at best, than for a moment to suppose that the suspicions excited of abolition incendiarism can be well founded in fact. At least, we trust they have been greatly exaggerated, both in detail and cause for general alarm."

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU. XXXVII.

JULY 30, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: I have just been reading Mr. Everett's Oration of the Fourth of July. Really, I don't know which of us, you or I, has most reason to be ashamed of our respective statesmen, in their comments on American affairs. If I remember right, I observed to you at the time how absurd it appeared that Lord Grey should attribute the evils of your present condition to the democratic principle, in its natural action; whereas those evils plainly arise from the encroachments of the aristocratic principle as wielded by the Slave Power. We did not suppose that Mr. Everett was the man to take up this line of defence against Lord Grey's partial and prejudiced statement; but it was hardly conceivable that even he should speak on the subject without once referring, in the remotest way, to slavery as the one great source of your political and moral misadventures. What an illustration of the political function it is—these two statesmen (as they consider themselves) speaking on opposite sides on the merits and fortunes of your polity, and omitting all mention of slavery. One might as well write an account of the first French Empire and omit the Bonapartes. In Mr. Everett's oration, as in too many other speeches, and too much of the conversation of Americans in England, there is a tacit desertion of the old basis of your polity, at first avowed and implicit—the ethical basis. The fathers of the republic had no other idea of their project than that of providing for the people being good, and the state honorable in reputation among the nations, because upright in character. The creeping corruption of slavery has changed all that. Except from Abolitionists, we really now hear of nothing but what the citizens call your "greatness"—your numbers, your broad area, your mechanical inventions, your commercial enterprise; your material acquisitions, in short, and the qualities that have obtained them. If your truest friends speak a word of mourning over the moral decline which is evident in the whole course of the public affairs and private social life of the United States, they are met by, not denial, for denial would be useless in face of the facts, but by levity and carelessness as to such considerations, and a recurrence to the boast of material progress. We hear grand accounts of the might of the nation, a century or two hence—of the ground it will cover, and the wealth and fame it will dazzle the world with; but not for a moment will the "patriot" pause to consider what will happen if corruption continues in high places, and the slave trade is carried on in a smuggling way from your ports, and obscure and unworthy men, tools of faction, are preferred to the worthy as managers of your public affairs; and commercial honor and liberty are thrown under the feet of the slaveholder; and moral independence dies out in individuals; and the law ceases to be sacred and revered because law-makers are tools, and law-administrators are tools, and the popular passions themselves are made tools of by intriguing men, themselves the tools of an oppressive oligarchy! Political and social morality are not in such a state in any slave-holding country as to warrant expectations of any sort of future greatness till the curse is got rid of; and if there is one nation rather than another which is surely doomed to decline, while preferring an immoral to a moral course, it is the American, because its republican institutions were founded on an ethical basis. There is still room for hope that your country will retrieve itself; and you who are striving to work out that retrieval must be strong in that hope, or you could not work as you do; but it is certain, and it should never be forgotten by patriots, whether orators, travellers or others, that retrieval is the thing wanted, and that there is much to do before the American people can look for that respect and sympathy in the world which they used to enjoy, on account of the moral attributes of their original polity.

I do not suppose that you will agree, any more than I do, in Mr. Everett's objections to the discussion in Parliament of the effects of any political institutions anywhere exemplified. As for such discussions causing resentment, that would merely show a misapprehension of the case, and weakness of temper in the offended party. It is inconceivable that any Englishman could be offended if American Senators had occasion to resist the proposal of a new institution, which they conceived to be mischievous, and should show it to be so by English examples. No exposure of fault and misfortune in our conduct and condition would make anybody here uncomfortable for a moment, if it was done in the transaction of business, as it were—in discussing new laws or arrangements. Lord Grey was, no doubt, perfectly justified in offering the fullest description of the working of universal suffrage in any part of the world, and we may hope the time will never come when such discussions will be banished from legislatures, and committed to newspapers alone, for fear of "recrimination" in Parliament. The mere notion is, in fact, absurd. That Lord Grey took a manifestly wrong view of the cause of the mischief is another matter. It is one, too, in which Mr. Everett does not set him right. Instead of showing how unquestionable evils have arisen, and how they may be mended, he first complains of the exposure, and then meets charges of corruption and lawlessness with boasts of schools, charities, steam and electricity!

There are many of us now who would be heartily thankful to any foreign statesman who would effectually expose, in the line of his own duty (with more correctness than Lord Grey attained), our present threatening reactionary state. We shall retrieve ourselves, no doubt; but the present session of Parliament has shown us what vigilance is required to keep us from being thrown back in our career by the encroachments of the House of Lords. I will not occupy your time with a story which may be read in all our newspapers; but, in commenting on the signs of the times, in regard to freedom in all countries, it is necessary to point to the fact that England has a bad House of Commons at present—a reactionary one formed to support Lord Derby's late Ministry, and in its liberal elements utterly disorganized. It cannot get its business done; and it needs watching by the people, that its worse elements may not overpower the better in the interval till we can get a truer representation. We must have a better House of Commons as soon as may be, in order to obtain from it that reform of Parliament, and extension of the suffrage which has been promised, and will be effectually demanded. In other ways our condition is good. I do not mean as to prosperity, for we have great doubts of the goodness of the harvest, but in regard to our public duty. The energy and self-sacrifice shown by all classes in preparing for the defence of the country become more striking as time goes on, and the volunteer movement extends from class to class throughout the kingdom. There are more reasons than might be supposed at a distance for our preparations; not only an unaccountable and menacing increase of the French navy (far beyond all defensive purposes), but the tricks of French vessels, observed to steal in and take soundings in our harbors in dark nights—tricks of French visitors, whose health requires sea air on our south coast, in winter as well as summer, and who carry away sketches and minute surveys of the coast—tricks of all imperial agents everywhere, whose function is to spy on the one hand and make mischief on the other. The hour for a successful attack is past. We are preparing the most needful fortifications, while resisting waste on any that are not essential; and our higher kind of defence, the vital force of our national manhood, which no foreign army will ever overwhelm, grows in extent and ability from day to day. I had a visit yesterday from a Yorkshire manufacturer (one of the best friends of your cause in this country), who has organized a corps of volunteers in his own village—75 from his own works—who are now as qualified as ready to meet any foe who may dare to set foot on our coast.

On the whole, the interests of liberty seem to be doing well. The best of it is that the good is wrought out by the evil deeds and intentions of the common enemy of Europe. It may be doubted whether anything short of a Bonaparte on the French throne could have rallied the various nations to their best interests in so short a time. He threatened *us*; and we have a public spirit, and a glow at the national heart, such as have not been experienced for two generations. He threatened Germany; and Russia makes a long stride forward in popular freedom; even Austria tries to adopt constitutional ways; and Germany is more likely to be united than ever before. He threatened Belgium; and the consequence is that splendid popular manifesto which you must have seen—the address to the King on the thirtieth anniversary of his reign. The disturber is baffled whichever way he turns. This is well; but his power of disturbance is great; and he has still too much control over Piedmont, Rome and (from the exhaustion of Russia) the Czar. The latest apprehension is of the long-dreaded war in the Levant. His object in the Crimean war, and ever since (and for some time before) was to prepare for such an acquisition, in Egypt, Syria, Arabia, etc., of eastern territory as might enable him to stop our passage to India. Hence that great swindling sham, the Suez Canal; hence his obstruction of our telegraph scheme on the Euphrates route; hence the incessant trouble about "the Holy Places," made by him or the Czar; hence the ever-renewed disturbances in the Lebanon, where French agents are always agitating among the turbulent tribes, and French Consuls forever reporting dangers, and calling for French soldiers. Hence, too, the insulting assumption, this last week, of the whole work of pacifying and punishing in Syria—the Sultan's dominions. We trust he is foiled here also, by the protest of the Sultan, who has no mind to expose his towns and provinces to French occupation, which is so like the cuckoo's egg—easy to lodge, but most difficult to dislodge. The strife in the Lebanon was certainly begun by the Christians (the odd sort of Christians who live there). How they were incited to attack their neighbors we shall perhaps soon know from themselves; but all the world has a pretty good guess. I need not tell you, as American ships are on that coast, what has been done to stop the slaughter. When that is done, the next inquiry will be what influence began it. All this time the French funds go down at the mention of every new disturbance. The wish of the French nation is clearly for peace; and nothing short of ruin must follow upon war. This is a ground of hope that the disturber must soon be quiet or fall. As we anticipated, our Irish fellow-citizens have discovered their mistake in going to Rome to fight against Italian liberty. The foolish fellows are thronging back—such of them as can get home; but some are shot for rebellion, some are sent to die in the deadly marshes of the Romagna; and not a few, we are told, are toiling in Algeria, where their lot must be much like that of slaves. The most fortunate have returned famished, half-naked and full of wrath on behalf of the wretched subjects of the Pope, and against the lying and selfish priests who induced them to go. They are full, also, of admiration of British government, and thankfulness for the blessings of life in free Ireland. We knew that something of this sort must happen; but it is a more speedy and frank conversion than we expected. The priests and other agitators have gone too fast; and they will hardly make any more Irish rebellions. The country is too prosperous now to support rebellion; and it would be difficult to improve upon the English liberty which the Irish enjoy.

The Prince of Wales will soon be among you. I need hardly offer the word of warning which yet it may be as well to utter—that all gossiping stories about his love affairs, or any other pranks, some of which have appeared in American newspapers, are altogether false. It is a pity that any Englishman stoops to write such unworthy nonsense to your journals. The Prince is only eighteen; he has always been carefully guarded and accompanied; and his relaxations from his studies, and the really serious objects of his life, have been healthful field sports, and worthy manly pleasures. Other families and individuals can defend their reputation. Royal families and young princes cannot; and every fair-minded person is indignant accordingly when they are libelled. Such fictions as have been sent to your newspapers show a vulgarity of ideas and temper which will have put all sensible readers on their guard against believing them. They are as ridiculous in their view of manners as your Southern Senator's idea of how our "aristocracy" manage their "backdoors."

You will have seen how Lord Brougham offended Mr. Dallas by calling his attention to the fact that a negro gentleman was a member of the Statistical Congress, just held in London. The proceeding, and the manner of it, were not altogether hospitable and courteous; and thus Mr. Dallas would have had the advantage, if he had had the sense to take the matter good-humoredly; but he foolishly took offence; and Lord Brougham's mode of apology could not but aggravate his humiliation. It was a fine occasion for presence of mind, good sense and good-breeding; but Mr. Dallas was not adequate to it. Some day you will send us an ambassador who is of our (and your) way of thinking about rating men according to a better test than their complexion. You see that the case of Mrs. Putnam and Miss Remond was adverted to in parliament; but we can do nothing with Cunard vessels till your public opinion is in a better condition. The remedy lies on your side the water.

H. M.

THE LONDON ANTI-SLAVERY ADVOCATE.

THE *August* number of this invaluable periodical has just come to hand. The contents seem to us admirably adapted to enlighten the people of Great Britain in respect to the vital aspects of the slavery question in the United States, and to show them how they can most effectually aid in the work of abolition. The amount of good already achieved by means of this little paper, in making the earnest Abolitionists on opposite sides of the Atlantic acquainted with each other's plans, hopes, discouragements and needs, and thus bringing them into intelligent cooperation, is beyond computation; while the prospect of still greater usefulness in time to come is such as may well cheer the heart of the devoted editor and his associates.

"Dr. Cheever's Visit to Great Britain" is the leading topic in this number. The subject is introduced by a letter from Mr. F. W. CHESSON, Hon. Secretary of the London Emancipation Committee, from which we copy as follows:

"The London Emancipation Committee, on whose behalf I write, are preparing to accord to him a most cordial welcome; one in some measure worthy of this great champion of freedom, and of a man who has been so cruelly assailed no less by the slave's hypocritical friends than by his open enemies. Dr. Cheever will, I hope, be the principal speaker at our First of August meeting, which will this year be held within the spacious walls of Spafields Chapel. What the length of his stay in Great Britain may be, and what his plans and intentions while here, cannot, of course, at this moment be precisely known; but I would respectfully urge upon our friends throughout the three kingdoms to cooperate, for the purpose of making Dr. Cheever's visit the means of reviving the anti-slavery cause, especially among those bodies which, owing to the sinister influences exercised by pro-slavery and half-hearted ministers on the other side of the Atlantic, so greatly need the enlightenment which Dr. Cheever is preeminently qualified to bestow. At a time when emissaries like Dr. Murray, Baron Stow and Dr. Pomroy are freely admitted into Nonconformist pulpits—when the calumnies of *The New York Observer*, and of its more mischievous, because even less honest, contemporary, *The New York Independent*, are accepted as absolute truths; and when the Colonial Missionary Society upholds a negro pew in one of its own churches, and rebukes the *faithful* missionary who protested against the iniquity, there is indeed a paramount necessity for such a voice as Dr. Cheever can raise, and such a testimony as he can deliver."

Mr. Chesson then communicates an extract of a private letter received by himself from the editor of this paper, explaining the purposes of Dr. Cheever's voyage and commending him to the sympathy and cooperation of the Abolitionists of Great Britain. This is followed by an editorial article, on the same subject, copied from THE STANDARD of July 7th. We are glad that Dr. Cheever was thus cordially introduced to the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Great Britain.

The next article is a letter from Mr. CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, of Boston, exhibiting the pro-slavery character and antecedents of Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, of this city, of whom it had been rumored that he was likely to visit Great Britain during the present month. Although the rumor turns out to have been incorrect the exposure is not by any means untimely or useless.

Next comes a letter from JOSEPH A. HORNER, Hon. Secretary to the Wakefield Anti-Slavery Association, to the Earl of Shaftesbury, remonstrating with his lordship in view of his "partial promise" (in a speech before the British Bible Society in May last) "to visit the United States at some future time for the purpose of presiding at a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society." Mr. Horner shows his lordship, by the citation of indisputable facts, that the American Bible Society is, practically, a pro-slavery institution, and therefore that he ought not to lend it his sanction. We trust the warning may be effectual.

The Independent's abuse of Mr. Chamerovzow, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, for his exposure of that clerical "wolf in sheep's clothing," the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabethtown, N. J. (now or lately travelling in Great Britain), is noticed in fitting terms. The editor says:

"As to Mr. Chamerovzow not being a 'gentleman' in the peculiar American pro-slavery sense, we congratulate him that he does not belong to that extremely limited class of Englishmen. We have heard an anecdote of one like Prime and Murray, who declared that during his stay in this country he had only met with 'two gentlemen'; and when asked for his test, replied that these two said nothing to him about slavery. It is much to the credit of Mr. Chamerovzow's anti-slavery efficiency that he has earned the hostility of our pro-slavery American visitors. Let him continue to make use of his opportunities to expose the pretensions of a class of men who, for hypocrisy and for the countenance they lend as self-styled Christian pastors to the greatest of crimes, are a disgrace to true religion, and the worst enemies to the progress of mankind."

We will not notice the contents of this number more particularly, except to remark that we find among them the "Appeal in behalf of the Twenty-seventh National Anti-Slavery Anniversary," to be held in Boston in January next, and also the "Appeal of the Managers of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair and National Bazaar, to their coadjutors in Great Britain and Ireland."

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY ANNIVERSARY.

WHEN the claim for Universal Liberty was first made in our country, the best part of a lifetime ago, the work lay wholly in futurity. The idea and the principles of Human Rights were to be replanted, the justice and necessity of their cause as against slavery to be proved, the prevailing apathy to be broken, the public mind to be awakened and enkindled, the insufficiency of a Church and State controlled by slavery to compass freedom to be demonstrated, the retrogression of the land towards barbarism under their sway to be made manifest, and freedom of speech, of the press, and of a new specific association to be claimed and exercised as the only sufficient instrumentalities of progress.

This is the initiatory work that has been done, and by it, abundant opportunities of direct action have been rendered practicable. The WORK ITSELF, in a thousand shapes, now lies before us, whose privilege it has been to make ready for it. The despotism is driven into open day. To meet it, requires devotion, industry and the sacred fire of a true enthusiasm. It requires energy, cooperation and the discipline of self-control. It requires generous contributions of money. We trust that all these indispensable requisites are now, as ever, ready.

We earnestly and cordially entreat all who love our native land in sincerity, whether Europeans or Americans, to unite with us more numerously and more generously than ever to meet the demands of a period of crisis unparalleled in the history of our country—new, indeed, in the history of the world. For when before has it ever happened that Freedom has been sought from among a dominant people for a down-trodden one, on so grand a scale as this? We ask aid of Europeans, while we bid them observe that their freedom makes progress only in exact proportion as our slavery is brought into discredit. We ask aid of Americans: for where is the American to whom this cause of ours is not the supreme interest of the present hour as affording the only hope of Futurity? The work before us is ever that primary one contemplated by no other existing body, political or religious; the work that Church and Government are always tempted by the necessities of their position as such to neglect, adjourn, suppress. And the stronger the desire of their members to promote the cause, the stronger the temptation, being so placed, to temporise and to compromise.

To all these we confidently appeal for aid in the work they can neither do, nor do without.

We cordially invite all who love Liberty the world over, to meet us at the Music Hall, Boston, in the month of January next, in person or by letter, uniting their sympathies and contributions with ours in the great work of the time—the peaceful extinction of American slavery.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH P. ATKINSON,
ELIZA ANDREW,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
SARAH P. REMOND,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY E. STEARNS.

LIFE IN KANSAS.

KIDNAPPERS AT THEIR HELLISH WORK.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, July 26, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

KANSAS is not yet free. Six years of strife with the slave oligarchy of the country has failed to redeem our soil from the curse of slavery, or awaken our people to a consciousness of the evils thereof.

Kidnappers abound in our midst, organized into bands for the purpose of operating in concert for a hunt upon the prairies for the unfortunate children of Africa. Several cases have occurred of late in our Territory. Persons have been kidnapped at night, right from the heart of this city, which prides itself upon being the metropolis of Kansas, carried over into Missouri, and sold to go down the river, or imprisoned in jails. And yet these things fail to arouse the people to take any interest in the matter. Each one, as it occurs, furnishes an item for the local columns of the daily papers, which are glanced at by their subscribers, and soon forgotten. No effort is made to redeem, from the fate which awaits them, these unfortunate victims. And they are sold into the Southern market, where a life-long slavery awaits them.

A few days since, three or four villains stopped at dusk at the house of a half-breed Indian, with negro blood in his veins, and solicited entertainment for the night, which was readily granted. They partook of the evening meal, and, after the most of the family had retired, one of the kidnappers approached a young man in the room, struck him over the head with a club, tied his feet and hands, put a gag in his mouth, threw him into a wagon, and drove off towards Missouri. In the timber on the river bank they concealed themselves, with their victim, for the remainder of that night and the next day; and then, after severely beating the young man and shaving his head, they took him to the prison at St. Joseph, intending to keep him there until a favorable opportunity should be afforded to send him down the river to New Orleans.

While there, another party of the gang arrived at the same jail with two young men they had kidnapped from this city only a few nights before. The band held a consultation, and decided that it would not do to retain the Indian; he was too nearly white, and might get them into serious difficulty by exposing their business. They concluded to release him, and the young Delaware Indian was permitted to return to his home, weak from the loss of blood and his many wounds.

The other two are still in jail at St. Joseph. Efforts are being made to secure their release from their impending fate; with what success cannot be anticipated.

An attempt was made, a few nights since, to kidnap a woman from the city of Lawrence. She raised an alarm, the citizens were aroused, and the kidnappers fled. They succeeded in effecting their escape, however.

Two young men were met on a street in the outskirts of town, a few nights since, by a party of ruffians, forced into a wagon, and taken to the timber, a few miles from the city, and severely whipped, to make them tell what the Abolitionists in and about Lawrence were doing. After whipping them severely, and extorting nothing from them in reference to what was going on at Lawrence, they were released and permitted to return to their homes.

This Territory is the uncertain habitation of several colored persons, known as the "Exiles of Arkansas;" free negroes, driven from Arkansas and forced to seek an abiding place among us. They have settled in several portions of Kansas, are intelligent and industrious. Since their arrival, several attempts have been made to kidnap them, and very often with success.

I have seen several of these unfortunate exiles, and find them to differ from the fugitive slaves among us in a very important particular. They are not disposed to defend themselves from assault; in other words, they are afraid to fight, and kidnappers find it an easy matter to capture them. How true it is that emancipation makes "free niggers," while revolution makes free men!

An ugly-looking individual was pointed out to me not long since, said to be a noted kidnapper. Short, thick-set, slow in his motions, with a face showing him a villain as cold, cruel, crafty, calculating and malignant as Jeffries, each line of his phiz was compressed into an expression of pitiless indifference, while every lineament of his dirty countenance bore the impress of infamy in unmistakable characters; and in the glare of his small stony eyes, closely set under heavy, rugged, overhanging brows, in the shadow of a thick mass of matted hair, parricide and assassination look out with a cold, passive stare.

This human monstrosity disgusts us with humanity; laying in a torpid state, but ready at all times to fasten his poisoned fangs upon his victim and distil his venom into his soul; crushing out all divine emotion, high aspiration and hope, and converting the man into a stupid, passive article of merchandize, doomed to a life-long slavery, which is death in its worst form.

Yet, odious and infamous as this creature appears, so offensive to the imagination, embodying in his nature nothing but evil, excelling in brutality Caliban, so vividly portrayed by Shakspeare, it is with shame and the greatest humiliation we are compelled to acknowledge him a fit representative of American institutions; for such a man is a kidnapper, sustained in his crime by the laws and public sentiment of the slave, and indorsed by the apathy and indifference of the free, States.

Oh! for some one to take the responsibility—a John Brown, a Garibaldi, to march through the States where such crimes exist, with a bold and fearless tread, flashing his earnest protest against this great wrong, with the swiftness of an electric spark, from one end of the continent to the other, and arousing the people for the destruction of an institution that breeds such men and produces such an accumulation of crime and misery in our country, and restoring the victims of slavery to the full enjoyment of liberty and life.

It is humiliating to think that the deeds and cruelty of these kidnappers are not only found recorded upon the black records of hell, but upon the page of history, transmitting to future generations of men the damning shame and cowardice of the present day in allowing such proceedings to transpire among us.

F.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM STILL,

At the Celebration of the Anniversary of W. I. Emancipation, at Kennett Square, Pa., Aug. 4th, 1860.

[We give place to this address on account of the excellent and timely advice given therein to the People of Color by one of their own class, whose intelligence and moral worth entitle him to a candid hearing.—*Ed. Standard.*]

CALLED, as this meeting has been, to celebrate the anniversary of emancipation in the West Indies, I feel that the opportunity is a fitting one for us to consider our own oppression and grievances; for us to do something more than to call to remembrance the wrongs endured by the oppressed under British tyranny; something more than to dwell on the labors of those faithful Abolitionists who were instrumental in bringing about the happy result. Of course, I am highly in favor of celebrating the 1st of August; of exposing slavery in its most revolting aspects, as it existed under British authority; also of giving due praise to the noble hearted philanthropists who labored, in the face of so much odium and opposition, to bring about the downfall of the horrid system. Nevertheless, while I feel that justice should be done in this direction, I also feel fully convinced that we should take especial advantage of the occasion to strike a blow for our own rights; to recount our own wrongs; to bring to our minds our duties and wants—especially to remember those in bonds as bound with them; and if possible to devise some plan by which we can more successfully bring about practical cooperation among ourselves, against every phase of oppression.

Especially in Pennsylvania do we need to have our eyes open to behold the great wrongs we are laboring under, and to be prepared to make good use of such opportunities as may be in our reach to help hasten our elevation.

In Pennsylvania, at this very juncture, reasons are as obvious as truth can possibly make them, why the colored people of this above almost any other State should be actively engaged in movements tending to promote their rights and interests. I will name a few of the reasons thus alluded to.

1. Because we number a larger free proscribed population than any other Northern State.

2. Because we are bordered by three slaveholding States, where prejudice is engendered against us, and are liable to frequent occurrences of kidnapping and continual outrages from the slave-hunter under the operation of the infamous Fugitive Slave law.

3. Because, being in such close proximity to slavery, our movements and actions are daily watched by all classes, especially by the great body of whites, who adhere to pro-slavery sentiments, or who take no active part in our behalf. Hence, in assuming an earnest, resolute and practical ground in favor of freedom, we could not fail to strike most effective blows against oppression.

4. Because it is evident that not unfrequent visits are made to this State, from the bordering slave States, by slaveholders, *expressly* to view our condition; some with a partial and some with a positive desire to emancipate their slaves, and settle them on free soil among us. Of course our bearing and attitude weigh either favorably or unfavorably. If seen manfully engaged in important movements to raise ourselves and to redeem our brother from bondage, none could doubt the telling effect our actions would have in this direction. Again, it is a fact equally important to consider, that within the last few years, under the increasing barbarous enactments in the South, not a few of our brethren, nominally free, have been either summarily expelled from their homes, or admonished that they could only remain with barely the faintest hope of retaining but a few of the poor privileges that had hitherto been allowed them. Hence this class, too, from time to time, come among us, to see our condition, hoping to find sympathy and encouragement to cast in their lot with us; consequently, in this respect, as in the instance just alluded to, our actions speak louder than our words. The man who values his freedom—who cannot be content to be merely the hewer of wood and the drawer of water—who will not be kept down in ignorance, however hard he may have to struggle against difficulties to acquire knowledge—who chooses a life of sobriety and industry rather than intemperance and idleness, is, unquestionably, of the only class among us to make a favorable impression upon the minds of these deeply outraged visitors or exiles. I fear we are too apt to overlook our responsibility in this respect.

5. Because we can do for ourselves what nobody else can do for us. The hundreds of heroic fugitives who yearly throw off their yokes, passing through indescribable perils and hardships on their way to Canada, seem to cry aloud in our ears—"Hereditary bondmen! know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"

Thus viewing our chances for rendering vital service to our cause, I ask, does not common sense dictate that we should be intensely in earnest in the great work of abolition? Does not common sense indicate, that we are directly on the ground, notwithstanding prejudice, etc., where we could do, by wise and determined effort, what the free colored people of no other State could possibly do to weaken slavery?

For instance, being deprived of the right of suffrage, who would hinder us from pressing our claims with earnestness through petitions, memorials, etc.? In the very effort to procure signatures, with suitable documents to distribute, how successfully we might advance our cause in various ways. How many minds we could interest who otherwise would remain indifferent!

Through the avenues of our numerous societies and Churches, situated as we are among the whites, with diligence, without much sacrifice of time or means, it would seem that we could easily reach hundreds of thousands of citizens annually with our petitions for the right of suffrage. Also, by proper management, doubtless, were we to appoint a delegation of respectable and intelligent colored men to bear our memorials and petitions to Harrisburg, a respectful hearing would be granted them by the Executive and House of Representatives, despite of prejudice and proscription. Indeed, information such as we could and should furnish, pleas and appeals earnestly made by ourselves, I feel confident would be seriously considered and effectively used for our benefit. For want of such information, those friendly to us in legislative halls, editorial chairs and places of power, on hearing us grossly slandered by pro-slavery men, often feel compelled to remain silent; and hence we have to suffer daily from many prejudicial charges and imputations, when we have it in our power to remedy these things, to some extent at least.

But, with regard to the momentous question of our liberty, what attitude do we occupy? What influence are we exerting? Unfortunate as our condition is, we have a history, or at least, should have one. We are taxed as other men are, and we have some men of means among us; some who have acquired learning, some who are farmers, mechanics or artisans, and many who are industrious, sober and upright, although in the humbler walks of life; in all we number about 70,000 inhabitants in Pennsylvania.

Now, I wish to inquire what we are doing to remove our disabilities. All of us have need to understand precisely our position in this respect.

1. Have the seventy thousand colored people of Pennsylvania a common fund for special emergencies, or to promote their general welfare? It cannot be said that they have.

2. Have we any Board, Committee or other organization, having the improvement of our people at heart? It cannot be said that we have any such instrumentalities, unless we except a few literary societies, designed mainly for local improvement, which deserve credit. An organization, composed of honest, intelligent, working men, could unquestionably accomplish a vast amount of service, by devising ways and means for our improvement; and by enlightening the public in directions where light is much needed.

3. Have we, as a people, published any pamphlets, books or documents, in defence of our rights, for distribution? Do we avail ourselves of the columns of newspapers, on every occasion when opportunity offers, to put in our plea for justice, our protest against oppression? In these respects, I fear our shortcomings have been very great. Doubt or dispute the assertion as we may, with regard to the press of this State, marked changes have been wrought by anti-slavery efforts; and although most of the journals of the day are timid or reluctant to espouse a cause likely to bring them so little profit and so much odium as ours, yet I firmly believe that we might find a respectful hearing, occasionally, at least, in many respectable papers of this State, if we would only earnestly press our suit. In many cases where we are deprived of our rights, it is more than probable that we could secure them if we would only contend for them earnestly. We need to give proof continually that we are sensible of the wrongs done us, and that we will not be satisfied until, in common with others, we get justice.

4. Have we given a hearty support to the anti-slavery cause? Do we take anti-slavery papers, and make ourselves acquainted with the great struggle going on in all parties in regard to slavery and our own liberties? Let us all think for a moment how much material aid we have rendered the cause. Then let us fancy ourselves just across Mason and Dixon's line—only a few hours ride from this spot—regarded there as property—as belonging, if you please, to the most pious and kind-hearted slaveholder that could be found—deprived of all rights, liable to all outrages. In this condition, what a solace it would be to us, longing to be free, to feel assured that thousands of those identified with us by complexion and sufferings, so near by in locality, were doing something practically for our deliverance—aiding to break our fetters, to unloose our heavy burdens, and let us go free. But if, on the other hand, we saw thousands acting as though they had as many privileges as they cared to be troubled with, unconcerned about us, not giving a dollar a year to aid the good work, naturally enough we should feel discouraged and forsaken.

6. Have we any plans on foot for encouraging one another in agricultural or mechanical pursuits, or for bringing out native talent and genius, or improving the condition of the young? It appears not, I am sorry to say. As greatly as our cause needs action in this direction, as yet we are found without plans to effect anything in this respect.

By some who hear me I may be charged with looking too intently on the dark side of the picture; they may say it is not wise to dwell so largely on OUR inactivity. To portray our trials and the ill-usage we endure, would be better suited, they think, to the present occasion. While I may respect this view of the matter, I am far from assenting to it. Being found at a crisis like the present, with our liberties at stake, in a preeminent degree, and our whole manhood ignored, are we to refrain from self-examination? Should we not adopt this time-honored motto: "Self-reliance is the sure road to independence"? Are we to wait for others to do for us what we could do for ourselves? Are we to suppose that our elevation will be achieved through the influence of the Abolitionists, while we ourselves are not laboring for the same great object? It is suicidal to our interest to occupy any such ground.

The true friends of the slave may labor faithfully, and spend their money freely, to propagate anti-slavery doctrines; may aid thousands in their flight to Canada; defend the fugitive before the Courts, etc.; nevertheless, the important part of the work, so far as our elevation is concerned, I again repeat, *must be done by ourselves.*

The fugitive escaping directly from the prison-house, in making known his horror of slavery, fails not to awaken the deepest sympathy—to command aid and respect, when acting bravely to free himself. An instance occurred, not a great while since, on a certain U. G. R. R.—the exact locality of which I will not name—which clearly illustrates this point. A gentleman of high position, a publisher of an influential and popular journal, which of course went in for carrying out the Fugitive Slave law, etc., having never been permitted to see an "arrival" on the U. G. R. R., thought the sight would be a curiosity to him. Therefore, on solemnly promising that he would "keep dark," he was allowed to see an arrival of fifteen passengers, embracing men, women and children, all very likely looking, although they had passed through severe perils on the way. Here actions spoke with powerful effect. The gentleman's long-cherished feelings of loyalty to the Fugitive Slave law and the pro-slavery idea of returning the bondman were not strong enough to resist the appeal of men and women thus heroically striving to be free! Without being asked, his own conscience voluntarily dictated that he should violate the Fugitive Slave law and help the weary fugitives on their way to Canada, and he put his hand in his pocket and aided them liberally. The struggle made by the sufferers themselves was what compelled this man to lend a helping hand. And it is always the case, where men are suffering and show a resolute spirit to get rid of their grievances, they will find ten to sympathize with them, where they might have looked in vain for one if acting as though they were satisfied with their lot. Men who are suffering greatly cannot act too earnestly in making their condition known—cannot place themselves in an attitude too quickly where all their wrongs may be viewed—cannot be too eager to avail themselves of friendly aid whenever proffered.

Indeed this indomitable spirit succeeds everywhere; and nowhere could we see greater evidences of what has been accomplished under its influence than by looking over the history of the fugitive slaves, for the last dozen years, scattered over the Northern States and Canada.

Where could we find among any class of poor people evidences of progress equal to that which has been made by many who escaped from slavery within the last twelve years? How many such have learned to read and write? How many, by industry, possessed themselves of property? How many entered into business as mechanics, merchants, etc.? The number of such is not small. Of course, I do not wish to make the impression that all the fugitives make such wonderful progress; many do not, yet the number succeeding, all things considered, is extraordinary.

In New Bedford, where many hundreds of fugitives have settled, and where, owing to the free atmosphere of the place, they feel perfectly safe, their condition is not only as good, pecuniarily, as the condition of the colored people of any other place I have seen, but I must confess they are in advance; they own more real estate and appear more prosperous than at any other place I know. A stranger visiting the place, ignorant whence they came, would not for a moment entertain the idea that they had ever worn chains in the South. Almost every family owns a genteel house and lot, with nice furniture, handsome garden, etc., proving how admirably they are capable of taking care of themselves. None could witness the great improvement so soon made without the utmost astonishment! At least so I felt, when I visited them one year ago. The determination to be somebody and have something is very general among the fugitives and colored people of New Bedford and Canada.

In conclusion, I wish to call your attention, briefly, to another consideration, deeply interesting to us all—indeed to the entire free colored people of the United States and Canada. I allude to the legacy of Three Hundred Thousand Dollars, left to promote the welfare of the colored man, by the late Rev. Charles Avery of Alleghany City, Pa., who died a little over two years ago. Under all our oppressions, hardships and wants in this country, but very few among the rich and great have remembered the colored man, in life and death, with such unswerving sympathy and Christian philanthropy as did the noble-hearted Avery!

Besides the endowment of a college (the Alleghany Institute), wholly at his own expense, expressly for the education of colored youth, his time and means were devoted unsparingly, in various other ways too numerous to detail here, to advance the rights of the colored man, not only in this country but elsewhere. For, although he was no colonizationist—seeing no necessity for the removal of the colored man from the land of his nativity in order that he might have justice—indeed against this spirit of colonization he earnestly protested—yet he was disposed to remember Africa and the cause of civilization and Christianity especially. Hence, of the $300,000 he left to bless the colored man, $150,000 he designed should be used to further civilization and Christianity in Africa. And the American Missionary Society, an anti-slavery organization existing in New York, was the appointed medium through which he designed that this latter sum should be appropriated. The remaining One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars, intended for the free colored people in the North and Canada, was left to be appropriated by his Executors for the object named, without any specified channel or organization for its disbursement. How it may be used in order best to promote the general elevation of the free colored people, in accordance with the design of the testator, surely should interest us all. Being of the class to be benefited, and living in the State where this benefactor lived and died, and at the same time seeing our cause so greatly in need of aid, we should feel at least sufficient interest in the matter to thoroughly canvass and discuss the condition of our people throughout the entire North and Canada, either in Conventions or through the press, expressly for the purpose of satisfying ourselves as to the most propitious and feasible channels through which it could be used most effectively for the good of all. Doubtless the Executors, who are men of business and many cares, would look favorably upon any sign of interest that we might thus manifest. Proper steps taken by us might at least serve to show our gratitude and appreciation of the labors and aims of one so largely entitled to our regard and admiration as the Rev. Charles Avery.

WHAT NEXT?

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE STANDARD is now about all the anti-slavery paper we have left. At least I sometimes think so. *The National Era* is dead, and *The Tribune* and *The Independent* have gone into the rail-splitting business. We have four distinct sects of anti-slavery people, best described by their respective leaders—Seward, Gerrit Smith, Garrison and Cheever. A fifth class seems to be breaking cover, with Stephen A. Douglas at its head. Strange as this may sound, it is nevertheless true that the "Little Giant's" recent speeches are a very moderate kind of anti-slavery appeals—about what we Whigs of 1850 would have considered sound in those days. Still another class might be added, if they were not so few—the Elihu Burritt Compensationists. But the four sections first named form the main body of the great phalanx. Now, what is suggested is, the inquiry, What great work can be undertaken in common? Non-extension of slavery, Anti-slavery Constitution, No union with slaveholders, Church action against slavery are now the watchwords of each party.

Suppose we have a Congress, with representatives from each of the four divisions, to form a union for the sake of Freedom? There are a number of enterprizes in which all could unite without any sacrifice of peculiar principles—the Repeal of the Fugitive Slave act, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, or the suppression of the slave trade. But what would be better, perhaps, would be a systematic, vigorous effort to make some border slave State free by disseminating free principles among its people. Maryland, for instance, with a fund of fifty thousand dollars, might be deluged with newspapers and tracts and overrun with lecturers and colporteurs. Half the labor and money expended in England to repeal the Corn Laws would, in this country, make Maryland a free State. Delaware, at least, might be regenerated with only the effort we waste every year in States at the North already free. Shall we not begin to do something practical?

ECLECTIC.

THE CALL for the Political Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held at Worcester, Sept. 19th and 20th, is in type, but necessarily postponed till next week.

BACK NUMBERS OF THE STANDARD.—RICHARD D. WEBB, 176 Great Brunswick street, Dublin, requires the following numbers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD to complete a file which he keeps for the convenience of reference by any who may apply to him for the purpose. His imperfect collection having been occasionally of use in this way, he is desirous to complete it, and any of the following numbers will be thankfully received if forwarded to the care of Rev. S. May, Jr., 221 Washington street, or to the Anti-Slavery Office, 5 Beekman street, New York.

Vol. 1—Nos. 2, 10, 13, 35 to 39, 41.
2—Nos. 11, 16, 22, 23.
3—Nos. 11, 19, 33, 45, 47.
4—Nos. 13, 27, 36, 45.
5—Nos. 16, 21, 40.
6—Nos. 6, 7, 12, 29, 41, 42, 43, 46.
7—Nos. 5, 6, 8, 14, 20, 50.
8—Nos. 12, 34, 35, 49, 51.
9—Nos. 27, 35, 36.
10—Nos. 1 to 6, 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 20 to end.
11—Nos. 18, 38, 39.
12—Nos. 4, 40 to end.
13—Nos. 1, 3, 8, 11, 16, 18, 20, 26, 41 to end
14—Nos. 28 to end.
16—No. 29.
17—Nos. 5, 27, 42, 47.
19—Nos. 47, 48, 51.
20—Nos. 37, 38, 41, 42, 44.

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

Advertisements.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,
Office, 505 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK STATE CAMPAIGN PAMPHLET.
PROPERTY QUALIFICATION OR NO PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.
A few facts from the record of patriotic services of the colored men of New York during the wars of 1776 and 1812, with a compendium of their present business and property statistics. Compiled by William C. Nell, author of "Colored Patriots of the American Revolution." Price 10 cents each; 15 copies for one dollar. Send orders accompanied with the cash, to THOMAS HAMILTON, 48, or to WM. H. LEONARD, 5, Beekman street, New York.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE TIMES, MEASURES AND MEN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The times demand new measures and new men;
The world advances, and in time outgrows
The laws that in our fathers' days were best;
And doubtless after us, some purer scheme
Will be shaped out by wiser men than we,
Made wiser by the growth of Truth.
We cannot bring Utopia at once:
But better almost be at work at sin,
Than in a brute inaction, drowse and sleep.
No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him: there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the heavy hands of toil.
The busy world seems angrily aside
The man who stands with arms akimbo set,
Until occasion tells him what to do;
And he who waits to have his task marked out,
Shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled.
Our time is one that calls for earnest deeds.
Reason and government, like two broad seas,
Yearn for each other with outstretched arms,
Across this narrow isthmus of the throne,
And roll their white surf higher every day.
The field lies wide before us where to reap
The easy harvest of a deathless name,
Though with no better sickles than our swords.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's grey senate, quake,
Hearing afar the Vandal's trumpet hoarse,
That shakes old systems with a thunder fit.
The time is ripe, and rotten, ripe for change;
Then let it come. I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of Mankind.
Nor think I that good world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
Truth is eternal, but her affluence,
With endless change is fitted to the hour;
Her mirror is turned forward to reflect
The promise of the future, not the past.
I do not fear to follow out the truth,
Albeit along the precipice's edge.
Let us speak plain: there is more force in names
Than most men dream of, and a lie may keep
Its throne a whole age longer, if it skulk
Behind the shield of some fair seeming name.
Let us call Tyrants Tyrants, and maintain
That only freedom comes by grace of God.
And all that comes not by his grace must fall:
For men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

MR. ALGER'S TRIBUTE TO THEODORE PARKER.

[We cannot resist the temptation to copy the following passages from a Discourse by Rev. Wm. R. Alger, of Boston.]

The most marked and famous minister in America—a scholar, thinker, preacher, writer, reformer, preeminent, among all whom we have known, for richness of gifts, indefatigable energy, and a heroism that never quailed before the face of man—has yielded up his soul to God, far from his native land, and been laid to rest in foreign earth. In a future and more favorable age, when the clamor of detraction has ceased, and the hubbub of envious and hateful tongues has been silenced and forgotten, history will reckon this great man one of the most powerful and illustrious spirits of the century in which he lived; not inferior to many in native endowments, first among his fellows in cultured acquisitions, second to few on earth in his indomitable devotedness to truth and to humanity.

Central among the high and choice qualities for which this celebrated man deserves to be held up to honor and imitation, are his warm and copious affections. All who really knew him on his interior side, knew that he had the deep, tender, yearning heart of a woman. Strangers and foes imagined him a burly iconoclast, a rough hater. But he loved flowers and little children. His eyes were quick to glisten with tears—sacred mirrors of a generous sensibility. In the last days, as he lay dying, the faithful ones who hung over him tell us that the names of the cherished friends, far away, fluttered on his lips, when nothing but the names could be heard. His homely, racy, frequently inartistic writings, are thickly sprinkled with delicious bits of poetry and pathos, spots of tenderest grace and sweetness, like wild roses blooming profusely among the granite. If he was intensely and widely hated, he had the genius to make himself loved also as it falls to the lot of few private or public men to be loved; and, now that he is dead, thousands on thousands of affectionate hearts, who knew him only to honor and love him, scattered all over this country, will embalm his image in their souls, perfume the air of the continent with his praises, wherever they dwell or wander within it, and make the sky of his native land the blue forget-me-not of his fame.

Among the many claims of this eminent clergyman to our respectful study and affection, his remarkable piety is by no means the least—the clear, fervent, healthy type of piety exemplified by him; not the sour, angular piety of dogma, nor the dry and conceited piety of formalism, but the wholesome piety founded on omnipresent mystery, and nutrimented with universal truth and beauty. That sweet and secret love of God, so touchingly realized and sung in the best Moravian hymns, has been known so profoundly, and cherished so abidingly, by few in our external and noisy generation as by him. The writings of the mystics and quietists were the favorite reading with which he solaced his weariness and fed his heart. In his lonely hours of trial and tears, he was not alone; for he felt that the Father was with him. He seemed to lie down and to rise up, to work and to walk, to sow and to wait, in the constant, refreshing presence of the Infinite Justice, Wisdom, Goodness. He had meat to eat which tyrants, sluggards, self-seekers, and all that sort, know not of. A large part of his preaching, far more than the public would easily believe, was directed after the gravitation of his own soul to this theme; the verity and the delightfulness of the love of God; the grounds, ailment and fruitions of the inner life of piety. No hypocrite was he, professing what he believed not, pretending what he had not experienced; and it is therefore significant of much that the lines oftenest on his lips were these:

"Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my cry shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee."

It will be said that he was an irreverent assailant and destroyer of men's religious faith. It is perhaps true, that, while his personal affections were swift and strong, his ideal sympathies were comparatively meagre and inactive; and that he approached the opinions and habits of other men rather from the outside, as a speculative critic, than from the inside, as a loving experimentalist. He had not that deferential mind, that poetic caution, that courtier sense of fitness, which would cause him to refrain from the moss and vines that cling on intellectual ruins; but, rather, that rude zealousness after reality which would lead him to ruthlessly tear the moss and vines away, making the ruin unsightly and offensive, till its former admirers could no longer recognize it, and
for showing it so. The poetic perception and enjoyment, the sympathy of genius, which he largely carried into other departments, seemed to forsake him—rather, were borne down and thrust aside by stronger passions—the moment he entered the department of polemic theology or sectarian criticism. His tremendous earnestness in the battle necessitated this: it could not be otherwise. It is true, that, while he had a tender reverence for the natural sacraments, his independent and inevitable search and thirst for what is absolute in religion often made him seem contemptuous of the conventional sacraments. Unquestionably he did, in consequence, often offend sequestered good taste and shock complacent respectability. But I do not think that good taste is God, nor that respectability is final authority. However much, in a fashionable community and an easy age, fastidious politeness, heartless conformity, timid indulgence and disdainful aristocracy, may imagine respectability to be the touchstone of merit, and good taste to be the sovereign arbiter in all questions, I must beg leave to dissent altogether from that opinion. Are not truth, justice, beneficence, grander shapes, and clothed with diviner command? Is nothing to be pardoned to honest zeal, if it fail to be artistic and æsthetic? In the name of God, much! When an ethical Hercules smashes his club against some hydra-head, even if the spirting blood and mangled mass do shock silken respectability and sicken squeamish good taste, I believe the shock is wholesome, and that the sickness may be sanctified. Honesty is higher than politeness in the sight of earnest men. Service takes precedence of sloth in the court of true honor. Leonidas—the altars, hearths, women and children of Sparta behind the mountain at his back; the million of invaders at his feet; his short dagger, dripping with slaughter, in his hand; his body disfigured with sweat and wounds; his long locks begrimed with dust and gore; falling amid heaps of dead Persians, while Liberty hovered over him—affords no spectacle of good taste and respectability. Good taste and respectability were to be seen on their couches of ease, or at their banquets of wine. He whom we speak of stood twenty years in a pass of Thermopylæ, fighting unto the death with superstition, slavery, intemperance, falsehood, hypocrisy and corruption. It was a long agony of devotedness, conflict and toil, continued until he fell in the trenches, and died a martyr to his work. The question is of nobleness, not of complaisance. Inquiries about taste, prudence, measured propriety, are out of place. Honesty, disinterestedness, heroism, service, are the test words. It is inexpressibly contemptible to condemn such a man, in such an exigency, because he did not studiously adjust attitude, word, tone and gesture to the standard of a pampered criticism. Such a judgment, common as it is, is an outrage upon all just ethics of correlated character and circumstance.

It will be urged against him that he was unmerciful in his invective, a fierce hater. In regard to this, we are to consider, in the outset, the cause and nature of his hatred. If he hated much, I believe it will be found to have been because he first loved much. It is very remarkable in relation to this inquiry that, in all his life, in the long list of his published addresses, he never once assailed one of his personal enemies—those who so hated him, insulted and pursued him. When we remember the bitter calumnies which were rained on him; the aggravating attacks of all sorts he constantly met on every hand; the quickness and depth of his sensibilities; the copious vocabulary of sarcasm he had at command; the tremendous arsenal of weapons and power ever ready; the perfect ease with which he might often have repelled the accusations and covered the accusers with discomfiture, shame and ridicule; and then, when we recollect that not in a single instance did he condescend to retort on one of his private foes, I think we must confess that it is such an example, either of magnanimous self-rule or of lofty serenity, as has but the fewest parallels in history. In the name of Justice, let it be kept in mind, in judging this man, that his terrible rebukes and denunciations were no effusion of gall over private injuries, no revengeful gratification of personal animosity or vent of characteristic spleen, as many appear to suppose. A malicious hater does not pass over all his individual foes, and select, as the exclusive mark of his assaults, those whom he believes to be violators of the law of God, offenders against the social weal, demoralizers of the country. Theodore Parker's hatred was utterly devoid of that selfish malignity which gloats in its own venom. It was generous affection, inflamed and precipitating itself against its deadly opposite. His love of truth was the measure of his hate of falsehood. His intense fealty to right proportioned his fiery scorn of wrong. As high as the pendulum of his conscientious passion swung on one side in affectionate service of humanity, so high it rose on the other side in mighty detestation of tyranny. His hatred was not selfish, but disinterested; not malice, but championship. It is impossible to reconcile any other conclusion with the fact that, so long as sneers and vituperative slanders touched only himself, he invariably turned away in silence; and that it was only when he thought truth and justice, the honor of God, the interests of humanity, were outraged that he grew so wroth and inveighed so fearfully.

Furthermore, we must notice what it was that he hated. What were the objects of his respective eulogy and attack? Very much on this point a fair judgment must turn: for the essential mark of a man greatly good is not, as some try to make it out, that he is always sweet and calm; but it is, that his indignation and scorn, when they do arise, are always frank and generous. Cold-blooded reptiles alone are venomous. Now, no one can study the pages whereon Theodore Parker has so fully recorded himself, and not see that his soul glowed in admiration before the sages, heroes, saints, martyrs, poets, inventors, the great benefactors of humanity, who have bought our privileges for us with their toils and sacrifices; but burned hotly against false teachers, unjust judges, iniquitous rulers, slothful sycophants, the tools of tyrants and the traitors to freedom. His heart was full of love for the great nameless multitude of the common people—the apprentice, the seamstress, the student, the mechanic. However rugged and rocky his works, they drip with this honey. Meanness, oppression, dainty haughtiness, refusing to touch a burden even with the tip of one of its fingers, selfish cowardice, calculating duplicity—these he did hate, with a force accordant with the powerfulness of his spiritual make; and, whenever he saw them, by the loyal spirit that was in him, he could not refrain to set his knightly lance in rest, and drive full tilt against them in the name of his God. He was never found, in word or deed, expressing antipathy to truth and nature, science and progress, liberty, good government and the universal welfare of man. Unlike some of those whom, he denounced, he never hated nor despised the poor and the wretched, the exile, the outcast, the prisoner, the slave, the sick and the dying. On the contrary, he sympathized with them, opened his house to them, gave them of his time, his counsel and his means, until the ear that heard him blessed him, and the eye that saw him bore witness of him, and the blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him.

His familiar study is deserted long, and will echo to his step no more. Visiting it a few days ago—as he generously gave me leave to use his books in his absence as if he were at home—I could not but muse sorrowfully, as I sat down and looked about me. His empty coat hung upon the chair. His beloved books, filed in thousands along the shelves, seemed to wait his hand in vain. The desk was there, with the papers all in order; the great ink-stand, with the pen laid across it; but alas! alas! never again the great heart there whose throbs shook the table as he wrote, sending its emotional undulations to the limits of the English language.

The precious apparatus, lying unused and idle all around, seemed to say, with mute pathos,

"The silent organ loudest chants
Its master's requiem."

THE REPUBLIC OF HAYTI.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS TO THE AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

From the Clerkenwell (London) News, July 18.

On Saturday, June 2d, an interesting meeting of the members and friends of the London Emancipation Committee was held at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet street, for the purpose of presenting to His Excellency the Baron de Pradine an address upon his leaving Europe, where he has resided for years as Ambassador to the Courts of France and England, and proceeding to his own country. The chair was occupied by George Thompson, Esq., who was supported by — Ralston, Esq., Charge d'Affaires of the Republic of Liberia; Mons. Lespinasse, Secretary of the Haytian Legation; Mr. Paul, of Hayti; Mr. Day, from Canada; the Revs. Daniel Ace and W. H. Bonner; Mr. F. W. Chesson, Secretary of the Aborigines Protection Society; Mr. Washington Wilks, editor of *The Carlisle Examiner;* Mr. Johnson, from Jamaica; Mr. Dennis M'Donnell, Treasurer of the Committee; Mr. Isbister, of the College of Preceptors and the London University; Mr. William Craft and Mrs. Craft, fugitives from American slavery; Mrs. G. Thompson and Mrs. Chesson, Mr. Farmer, etc.

The Chairman, in opening the proceedings, explained that, although the address they were about to present to His Excellency emanated from the London Emancipation Committee, yet it was not confined to that body, but was participated in by other friends to the African race then present. The Baron de Pradine, who was a member of that Committee, had long resided in this country as the accredited representative to the English and French Courts from the republic of his native land. He had, however, been recalled, no doubt for the purpose of occupying what was deemed a wider sphere of usefulness at home, and his place would be filled here by General Dupuy, who was animated by that patriotism and attachment to the cause of humanity and universal freedom which had been evinced by his noble predecessor. It had been thought proper to present a valedictory address to the Baron, not only as a testimonial to his own personal character and eminent services in the cause of liberty, but because he had been the representative here of a country and a noble race of men, whose history, for the last sixty years, had been most interesting; perhaps more so than that to be found in any other portion of the globe. In it was recorded the glorious struggles of an heroic people, asserting and maintaining their freedom, against odds which would have justified the anticipation of their being utterly overwhelmed and reduced again to that condition of bondage from which, by their own gallant efforts, they had previously freed themselves. It would ever be a disgrace to England, notwithstanding the very different feelings now entertained by its people towards the Haytians, that the British Government for five years endeavored—happily, without success—to reduce again to servitude a nation which had nobly rescued itself from slavery. For a long series of years, Hayti was opposed in arms to the most powerful governments in Europe, and was endeavored to be trampled on by a very large portion of the inhabitants of Christendom; but in that unequal contest its people had not only established their freedom, but they had employed it in a manner which redounded to their credit, and which showed the capacity of the African race dwelling in that island for the enjoyment of that perfect freedom which was the right of every man. He [the chairman] would not go through the history of Hayti for the purpose of bringing before the meeting the names of the great and good men whom that country had produced. No doubt they were familiar with the history of that illustrious man, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and of his successors, not all of whom, however, possessed his virtues and preëminent talents. Toussaint combined the qualities of the ablest of statesmen, the boldest of warriors, and the profoundest of legislators. No doubt the meeting was familiar with the acts of his successors down to the present time, when the country had again become a Republic, and was reviving and flourishing under the Presidency of General Geffrard. The meeting was anxious that, inasmuch as the Baron de Pradine had ceased to be the Ambassador of Hayti in this country, that having served as a representative of his own country here, he should return home again in a representative capacity, charged to convey to his countrymen the assurance of the undying attachment of the friends of freedom in Great Britain to the cause of freedom in Hayti; their deep and fervent interest in its welfare, and their desire to see that independence—so nobly achieved, so long and manfully maintained, and so well employed—recognized, more than by mere diplomatic relations, by the cordial fraternity of all the nations upon earth. In the act they were about to perform, they wished especially to administer a rebuke to another country on the opposite side of the Atlantic, which, although owing its own origin to successful rebellion against lawful authority, to resistance to what it deemed the act of injustice of its then government—although boasting itself of being, like Hayti, a republic—had, to this hour, never consented to recognize the independence of that State. The meeting was desirous, also, that one effect of the present proceeding should be to deepen the interest felt in the civilization and prosperity of Hayti, an island upon which nature had lavished extraordinary beauties, to which it had given the greatest fertility, and which only needed a helping hand in the countenance and encouragement of other nations, and an additional population to develop its resources, to render it a great and important State in the family of nations, and to enable it to exert a very powerful influence on the present condition and future destiny of the entire colored race of the world.

Mr. Chesson then read the following address:

To His Excellency, Linstant de Pradine, Charge d' Affaires for the Republic of Hayti.

Dear Sir. We feel it to be a duty incumbent upon us to take advantage of your approaching return to your country to present you with an appropriate tribute of our respect and regard—a memento which we believe will not be unacceptable to yourself, while we hope it may serve as an incentive to your children to tread in the footsteps of their father. It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and regret that we address you—pleasure at having an opportunity of expressing our admiration for your private character and for the services you have rendered to your country and your race, and regret that the tie which has united you to us is about to be broken by your departure from these shores.

From the formation of our committee, you, in conjunction with your esteemed colleague, Monsieur Lespinasse, have been associated with us in our efforts to disseminate the most advanced anti-slavery sentiments, and to bring the power of English public opinion to bear against slavery wherever that iniquitous system is still maintained. But our committee has been of very recent origin, while your services in the cause extend over a career of great length and importance—a career which reflects lustre upon your name and country. Those services, it is right we should state, include a series of admirable works which you have written in vindication of the rights of the enslaved children of Africa—works which have formed a guide to the government of at least one great nation in carrying out an act of negro emancipation. They further include zealous efforts which you have put forth in your own country, in both an official and a private character, to enforce the pure administration of justice, and to promote the moral and social improvement of every class of the people; and last, but not least, your services include the able and enlightened discharge of your public duties as the representative of Hayti at the English Court—a position in which you upheld the dignity of your country, and made her respected in the eyes of both friends and foes.

The recapitulation of these simple facts of your history is the highest praise we can bestow—the most effective testimony we can offer to your public and private worth. It, therefore, only remains for us to express our earnest hope that you may be favored with a safe and prosperous voyage to your native land; that you may in some suitable form perpetuate your connection with us; and that your life may long be spared to repeat in the future the good deeds of the past.

We should not be doing justice to our own feelings and to the sacred cause which we represent if we did not, in an address of this natnre, express our admiration of the government which President Geffrard has established in Hayti—a government which combines order with progress, and which has opened up to the Haytian people the prospect of a great and happy future. President Geffrard has displayed all the characteristics of a true patriot—courage, magnanimity and wisdom—the last quality being manifested in the determination to establish the institutions of his country upon the enduring basis of national liberty. A government founded upon such principles, and guarded by so wise and patriotic a chief, cannot fail to enjoy the permanent confidence of the people over whom it exercises authority, and, at the same time, to obtain the moral support of the whole civilized world. It is scarcely necessary for us to say that our best efforts, however humble they may be, will be systematically employed in furtherance of this latter object.

In conclusion, while bidding you farewell and giving you our God-speed, it behoves us to extend a cordial welcome to your excellent successor, who, we are sure, will nobly prosecute the work in which you have been engaged, and add largely to the services which he has already rendered to the country of which he has now become the worthy representative.

Signed on behalf of the London Emancipation Committee,
George Thompson, Chairman.
F. W. Chesson, Hon. Secretary.
London, June 2d, 1860.

The above address was elegantly engrossed on vellum.

The Chairman then rose and said that it gave him great pleasure to present the address just read to His Excellency. He (Mr. T.) did so with the most sincere gratification, because of the depth of the feeling he cherished towards Hayti. It was about thirty years since that he had had occasion to make himself thoroughly master of the history of that island, and to lay the facts connected with it before the public of this country and of the United States. When the philanthropists of England were engaged in the great struggle for the abolition of slavery in the British Colonies, they were constantly told to look at the Island of St. Domingo. He had done so; and, having read all the works respecting that people and their struggle for freedom, he derived from the perusal an impression which he could never forget; of utter detestation of the injustice, cruelty and wrong perpetrated upon the people of that island, and the wisdom, talent, prowess, fidelity and endurance displayed by them in bidding defiance to the gathered armies and navies of Europe, and which qualities had preserved to them to this hour the liberties which, more than sixty years ago, they won for themselves. He hoped at some future time to have the gratification of seeing the Baron de Pradine return to England. It was with deep regret they parted with him, because they had had occasion to admire not more the discretion with which he had acted as a diplomatist than the cordiality he had displayed as a friend; his geniality of disposition, and the great amount of information he possessed upon all matters connected with his country, which made it a pleasure as well as a privilege to be associated with him. They trusted, however, that his successor would condescend, as the Baron had done, to recognize and become associated, in heart and in effort, with the friends of universal freedom in this country. He (the chairman), though regretting the coming departure of that nobleman from England, rejoiced that they should have the continued coöperation of his esteemed colleague, Monsieur Lespinasse, the Secretary of the Haytian Embassy, whose continued presence in this country would, to some extent, compensate for the absence of the Baron, and who would constantly form a connecting link of friendship between him and them. They hoped that by his return to his country his Excellency might be able to render even greater service than ever he had yet performed to that cause of freedom which they all so fervently desired to promote. The address would show to his fellow-citizens of Hayti the estimation in which his Excellency was held here, and it was hoped that it would stimulate the son to imitate the example of the father.

The Baron de Pradine could hardly express his feelings for the kind expressions towards himself contained in the address and the speech of the Chairman. In a tongue which was not his own he always felt a difficulty in making a speech; but yet he must address them in English, as there were probably but few present who could understand his own language. He was afraid that the kindness of the Chairman and the Committee had induced them to estimate the humble services he had endeavored to render to his country, and to the African race to which he belonged, too highly. The kind acknowledgment which had been made of them was the finest reward he could have received; and he trusted that it would furnish the strongest incentive to his children to follow, in that respect, in the footsteps of their father. For himself, he should ever greatly value the address presented to him. Looking at the length of time it had been established, the London Emancipation Committee might be said to have been of short duration, but its members were tried men in the cause of freedom. The Chairman, for example, was at the head of those who were laboring for African emancipation when many gentlemen then present were but children. When nearly every voice was silent in America upon the wrongs of the slave, George Thompson went through the Northern States and proclaimed the doctrine of the immediate and unconditional emancipation of the African race. His words did not return unto him void. Much of the seed he sowed was scattered upon good ground; for whereas, when he first went to that country, the Abolitionists could almost be reckoned by units, they could now be counted by millions. When he visited the United States a second time, great was his astonishment and pleasure to see the multitudes of good friends of the Africans who had sprung up in the meantime. When they reflected upon the good which had been done by that gentleman in a comparatively short time, they had reason to rejoice. Let them never despair of a righteous cause; the good seed sown would be sure to bear fruit in due time. While so many friends of the African race were espousing their cause, it was not right for Africans themselves to keep silence, and not say a word in behalf of their brethren in slavery. He had done something in the cause of emancipation, but not so much as the Chairman was pleased to say he had achieved; but the small services rendered by many individuals formed a large aggregate, and it was with that belief that he had commenced his humble labors in behalf of the African slave. He wrote an essay, for which the French Anti-Slavery Society were pleased to award him their prize. Subsequently he penned a work on emigration. He had always considered that the battle of negro freedom was to be fought not with the planters, who had inherited their slaves; but the "fight" must be, in the moral sense of that word, not with guns or swords, but by convincing words, and by showing their opponents that they were wrong, and thereby inducing them to abandon slavery. He believed that their cause would triumph, and that conviction was founded upon the past experience of England. Thoroughly anti-slavery as she then was, she had not always been so. It required twenty years of hard labor to induce the British Legislature to abolish even the horrible slave trade. During that period how many severe struggles were sustained by the Abolitionists. It was not reasonable, therefore, to expect that slavery would be at once extinguished in America; but the friends of emancipation must be content perseveringly to wage a moral warfare, to show that they were men, and one day or other the Word of God would act upon the minds of the supporters of the system, and they would be led to see that slavery was not only a wrong, but one of the greatest sins, as well as follies, in the world. In the contest in which they had to engage, let them not employ angry words. The most powerful arguments for emancipation would be derived from the good conduct of the free Africans; it was by the civilization of Hayti, and other countries where the injured race existed, that the slave-owner would be shown to be in the wrong path, and the Abolitionist in the right one. Let them, he would again say, look at what had been done, and take courage. When the Chairman first went to the United States he could not find a room wherein to put his head; but when he went the second time, the largest halls were open to him, and he had no fear of being tarred and feathered. His example had borne its legitimate fruit, and raised up for the slave many friends. They must not consider whether the London Emancipation Committee was great or small, but simply what words were spoken, and what works were done by it. But whilst they fought the good fight, let them never forget that the spirit of evil was watching their movements, in order to counteract them if possible. They must, therefore, keep alive the spirit of good, in order to oppose the efforts of the bad spirit. The progress of civilization in a political community composed only of the African race would be a strong argument in favor of the freedom of the slave. That cause would be advanced or retarded by the manner in which they used their liberties. He had always believed that it was by improving his own country and race, by promoting education, by stimulating labor, and increasing the exports of the island, that they would be best able to answer the great question, whether the African race was or was not worthy of being emancipated. However far he might thereafter be from the friends who had presented him with that address, his spirit would ever be with them, and their words would be continually present before his eyes. If he was grieved at being called upon to part from them, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he left behind him a gallant successor, General Dupuy, who would take as much interest in the work as he (Baron de P.) had done, and who felt the same interest in the cause of freedom. The appointment of that distinguished General to the London Legation was a just reward to him for the long and eminent services he had rendered to his country. The President, General Geffrard, had been raised by Providence for the salvation of his country; and by his appointment of General Dupuy to the Court of England he had shown that he knew how to place the right man in the proper place.

Mr. Ralston, the General Consul of Liberia, detailed the particulars of the two treaties which he had just been able to effect with Sardinia and Denmark for the suppression of the slave trade, and the making it a capital offence.

Mr. Washington Wilks was happy to be present at the presentation of the address. He had heard with regret of the departure of the Baron de Pradine from this country, because he knew him to be one of the most eminent and worthy delegates who could be sent from Hayti. It was useless to preach to the Americans about the sin of slavery, if they could not also prove to them, by examples elsewhere, its folly and inutility. In that respect the experience of the Haytian Republic was most invaluable. They had not only asserted their freedom as Africans, but had shown their ability to understand the duties of citizens, and to maintain their liberties against the intrigues of tyranny and the corrupting influences of monarchy.

Mr. William Craft took the opportunity of expressing his high admiration of the Baron de Pradine, and of the country he represented. He (Mr. C.) was much pleased with the manner in which the Haytians had honored the memory of that truly great and good man, John Brown (cheers). Perhaps under some circumstances it might hardly have been thought wise in them to have made so public a demonstration of their feeling in such a matter; but, on the other hand, it was a duty which the people of that country owed to themselves and the race to which they belonged, as well as to the cause of liberty, to pay honor to the memory of its great martyr. He was much pleased at the dignified and solemn manner in which they had done so. He hoped they would ever be ready, as they always had been, to express their sympathy with every movement which had a tendency to advance the progress of mankind, and particularly of that race with which they were identified. The President of Hayti was one of the noblest men living, whether among blacks or whites. When he had the Emperor in his power, and knew that he had intended to destroy him and his family, he yet offered him no violence, but conducted him safely out of the country.

The Rev. W. H. Bonner remarked that there were those who affected to throw scorn upon the proceedings of the London Emancipation Committee on account of its youthfulness and limited number. The first objection, of youth, was one which, if their opponents had patience, would soon be cured; and as to numbers, why, an old Book had given a caution against despising the day of small things. Their numbers would soon be multiplied. As regarded its composition, the Committee needed not to be ashamed to stand before the public. They could challenge any society in existence to produce the equal of their Chairman, the man who had been the great instrument during the present generation of abolishing the enormous evil of slavery. His (Mr. B.'s) first clear understanding of that subject was derived from Mr. Thompson's lips. They all knew how disinterestedly and perseveringly he had pursued his labors for the slave. The Committee was also honored by the presence and services of a gentleman who, more than any other man in his profession, had given wings to the words of George Thompson's speeches through the press. Although Mr. Farmer did not often come out as a speaker, he did as a writer, in behalf of the slave, and no man better understood the question of emancipation in all its ramifications than he did. They were also favored with the presence of a gentleman who, for his public spirit, had been called to the bar of the House of Commons—Mr. Washington Wilks. Then they had the company of a lady and gentleman—Mr. and Mrs. Craft—who did not hesitate to run a thousand miles for freedom. Their laborious Secretary deserved their admiration and thanks, and he (Mr. B) trusted that God would spare him for much usefulness in the great cause of human liberty.

The Rev. D. Ace remarked that the Episcopalian body to which he belonged was extending its influence; but he hoped to see the day when its prejudice against color would disappear and African Bishops would be appointed. At the present time, he was sorry to say, there was a strong prejudice against them occupying the Episcopate. But why? They not only possessed the same natural endowments as whites, but were capable of cultivating them to the same height. With regard to the Americans, he would say, with the late William Jay, that he would thank them to keep their divinity at home until they had learned to abolish slavery.

Mr. Day, in a very able speech, spoke of the great intelligence of the Haytian people. In the achievement and maintenance of their liberty they had gone through a struggle such as few men had ever endured. He could bear testimony to the value of the services rendered by the London Emancipation Committee, in the bold and uncompromising attitude it had assumed upon the question of slavery and pro-slavery ministers.

Mr. Chesson called attention to the value of the literary labors of the Baron de Pradine in the cause of emancipation. The French Government had ordered its colonial authorities to use the work of that nobleman as a text-book in carrying out the emancipation of their slaves. Mr. Chesson narrated facts proving the beneficial influence of freedom upon the condition of the Haytian people, and warmly eulogized the Abolitionists who were laboring so nobly in the United States.

Mr. Thomas Johnson, of Jamaica, stated that, after a residence of five years in that colony, and after having had much experience of the creole blacks, he could bear testimony that they were quite equal, intellectually and socially, to whites under similar circumstances. When an Englishman went to the West Indies, he was sure to be what was called "car-wigged"; and it was with the greatest difficulty in the world that he avoided imbibing the prejudices of the whites, whose skin was a patent of aristocracy, by which alone honor and distinction could be attained in society. If weak minds did not catch the prejudice against color, at all events they indorsed it from private motives, in order that they might be at peace with society about them. The great argument used against the abolition of slavery in America was that emancipation had been a failure in the British colonies. But in what respect was it so? Not because it destroyed the means of living of the legitimate planter, but because it would not, beyond that, yield a non-resident proprietary splendid incomes to be spent in this and other countries. There were intelligent men who were infatuated enough to believe that the Baptist missionaries at one time intended to expel all whites from the island. Many colored men, however, held high positions in Jamaica. Mr. Gordon, for example, was one of the most influential men there.

After an interesting but somewhat desultory conversation, a vote of thanks was passed to the Chairman, and the proceedings terminated.

ENGLAND AND GARIBALDI.

"Alone I did it."—Shakspeare's Coriolanus.

Stand aloof and look on, wise old England,
The shout of success
Finds ever a readier hearing
Than the cry of distress.
We offer our fond "testimonials"
To men who grow rich,
And decide between conquered and victor
When we know which is which.

Stand aloof—the arena of nations
Is full of hot dust;
They are struggling, the stronger and weaker,
The just and unjust.
Let us do nothing rash and romantic
Till we know which shall fail;
The false leaden weight of huge numbers
May yet turn the scale.

Let us see if this man, Garibaldi,
Contrives a firm stand,
Or if graves for his combatant soldiers
Be scooped in the sand—
If a fugitive few come despairing
Across the bright sea,
Or those blue mountains roll back the chorus,
"Sicilia is free."

Stand aloof till we learn if he really
Deliver the weak;
If the kisses of monarchs made "brothers"
Be pressed on his cheek;
If his horses be led to their stables,
With banners unrolled,
By lacqueys in liveries royal
Of scarlet and gold;
If his efforts uncertain be followed
By brilliant *eclat*,
And the strong nervous blow he is striking
Be a real "*coup d'etat*."
Till then let this blood-shedding battle
Seem a tournament ride;
Hold back and look on, for we know not
The conquering side!
Hold back till the tilting be over,
The vanquished be down,
And the victor (whoever be victor)
Rides, claiming the crown.

Yea, shall it be thus, brave old England?
Wilt thou yet stand apart?
Oh! teacher and preacher of freedom,
Doth it stir in thy heart?
From the depth of her desolate dungeons
And the hot mountain's height,
Italia is calling her champions
To aid in the fight:
Is it thy voice that gives thy sons counsel—
"Till the battle be won,
Be neutral, be calm, be impassive,
Stand aloof, and look on."

Be it so. The oppressed and defenceless
Have striven ere now
Till the hard-earned and blood-sprinkled laurel
Waved safe o'er each brow.
Alone, then, alone Garibaldi,
Deliver thy land;
The great God of battles be with thee
And prosper thy band!
Nor doubt, when the struggle is over,
And the cause is secure,
Old England will warmly admire
All thy heart could endure;
Nor will blush to remember how tamely,
Ere Freedom was won,
She prated of non-intervention,
Stood aloof, and looked on.

—*London Daily News.*

AN OLD BIBLE.

We saw yesterday an old Bible printed in the year 1580, belonging to the Fowler family. It is in the old English black letter type, with marginal notes in Roman, and is quite an interesting relic. It was brought to America by Joshua Buffum, who came over from England, settled in Boston street, and built a house in the year 1638 on the land of the late Samuel Fowler. The Bible was subsequently carried to Amesbury by one of the descendants, and afterwards brought back by another who settled on the original location in 1794. It is said that the first Friends' meeting in Salem was held in the house on Buffum's land, which was taken down on the 12th of May, 1807.

The first part of the Old Testament is missing in this copy, which contains, however, all after the 86th Psalm, with the Apocrypha, the Newe Testament, "Two Right profitable and fruitfull Concordances," and Sternhold and Hopkins's version of the Psalmes, "with apt Notes to sing them withall," set forth and allowed to be sung in all churches, and "moreover in private houses, for their godly solace and comfort, laying apart all ungodly songes, and balades which tend onely to the nourishing of vice, and corrupting of youth."

The Newe Testament bears the imprint of Christopher Barker, "printer to the Queenes Maiestie, 1580"; and the Sternhold and Hopkins version, "At London Printed by Iohn Daye, dwellyng ouer Aldersgate. Anno. 1580." The covers are ornamented with brass in the ancient style.—*Salem (Mass.) Register, April 26th.*

The Old Buffum Bible, mentioned in the last *Register* as now in possession of the Fowler family, was not so defective as the first glance led us to suppose. Upon examination, we found that the 86th Psalm, which first appears upon turning the cover, was a portion of the Psalter and Prayer-Book preceding the regular version of the Bible, only a leaf or two of the latter being missing, including the first and a portion of the second chapters of Genesis. The translation is the veritable "Breeches" version, so called from the following passage, which is distinctly preserved in this copy, viz., Gen. iii., 7, "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed figge tree leaues together, and made themselues breeches." There are several other passages in this version which have almost as strange an appearance to modern eyes as the one just quoted, and not a few in which the meaning of the text is conveyed with, if possible, more significance than in the authorized translation. Nearly nine entire generations have been swept away since this venerable book was printed, in 1580, and the autographs of several of the ancient owners are still well preserved on various breaks in the pages.—*Ibid.*

JOHN BROWN, JR., TO THE PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

We (*Evening Post*) have received the *Moniteur Haitien* of July 7th, containing the following letter, translated in French by M. de Doucet, Secretary of the Police of Hayti. In retranslating into English we may not hit the exact language of the original, as written by Mr. Brown.

"*To His Excellency General Fabre Geffrard, President of the Republic of Hayti:*

"Words full of consolation have come to me and those who in this country cherish liberty, equality and fraternity. They inform us that the good people of your republic have given a unanimous manifestation of their grief on the occasion of the execution of my lamented father, Captain John Brown, and his companions in arms.

"Allow, me in behalf of the members of my family who are not yet fallen victims beneath the iron rod of the slaveholders in America, to say to you, and through you to all the good Haytians, that we entertain for you a most cordial sympathy. Although your country is far from ours, and though we speak different languages, we nevertheless feel that hearts can meet notwithstanding intervening distances; we remember that God has formed of one blood all the inhabitants of the earth.

"Haytians, brothers and sisters, here, in this land of slaves, the warmest friends of your race are watching you to observe how you refute the defamation that the African is incapable of self-government. You have given proof of your ability as soldiers. Without other assistance than that you found in your own energy and valor, you have thrown off and broken the yoke of the tyrant, and obliged him to seek refuge on the ocean. Your enemies themselves call you brave; your friends know that you are humane and magnanimous. The entire world to-day beholds in you the sublime spectacle of a people who, knowing the value of the liberty they have conquered, have arrived at that stage of progress which permits them to extend a generous sympathy to their oppressed brethren in a foreign land.

"In this you have proven that spirit of progress which is the omen of your future grandeur and the guaranty of the accomplishment of our most brilliant hopes—the reign of universal emancipation.

"We have heard how a Slave Power seized one of your most noble champions (Touissant L'Ouverture) and cast him into a cold, damp dungeon, where he died of hunger. In our country, fines, imprisonment, hot iron, or the gibbet is the portion of those who will not prostrate themselves before the Moloch of slavery. Nevertheheless, in spite of all these chastisements, we are not discouraged.

"The mutilated body can disappear; but the soul survives it.

"So it is then only the body of Touissant L'Ouverture which sleeps in the tomb; his soul visits the cabins of the slaves of the South when night is spread over the face of nature. The ears of our American slaves hear his voice in the wind gusts which sweep over the prairies of Texas, of Arkansas and Missouri; his voice finds an echo in the immense valleys of Florida, among the pines of the Carolinas, in the Dismal Swamp and upon the mountain tops, proclaiming that the despots of America shall yet know the strength of the toiler's arm, and that he who would be free must himself strike the first blow.

"Long live Fabre Geffrard! Long live the Republic!

"Such is the aspiration of the sincere friend of both.
John Brown, Jr.
"Jefferson, Ashtabula County, Ohio, 16th April, 1860."

A Massachusetts Slave.—It is often made a reproach to Massachusetts that slaves were once held within our State limits. This is true; but it is no less true that our fathers held the self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence to apply to *men*, and not to *one race* of men exclusively. Of one of these slaves we have some word. He was held in servitude by Rev. Abraham Williams, the patriotic minister of Sandwich, and was purchased by him of Col. Buckminster, of Framingham. But Rev. Mr. Williams was deeply imbued with the principles of the Revolution, and soon refused to regard Titus, the slave, as other than a man, with the same rights as himself. He not only freed him, but, as some compensation for his services, required by will that a part of his estate should be devoted to the support of Titus as long as he lived; and should any of his (Mr. Williams's) children refuse to carry out this proposition of his will, he left them, in lieu of any other share in his estate, "a Bible of the cheapest sort, from which to learn the commonest principles of justice and mercy." Titus, however, soon did what so many deem impossible for the black man, he "took care of himself," and even accumulated a little fortune, which, at his death, he left to the Church in Sandwich, of which Rev. Mr. Williams had been pastor. These facts we learn from Rev. Mr. Fuller, of Watertown, a lineal descendant of Rev. Mr. Williams. The "Precinct," or town of Sandwich, erected a monument to Titus's memory, on which was this inscription:

"Here lies interred all that was mortal of Titus Winchester, aged sixty-two, who departed this life March 27, A. D. 1808. For many years he was the servant of the Rev. Abraham Williams, the former minister of this place. His fidelity to his master on earth could only be excelled by that which he constantly displayed toward his Heavenly. Of industry, temperance, sound economy, he was an uncommon example. The fruits of all his earthly labor he generously consecrated to the service of Heaven. To the First Precinct of this place he bequeathed all his substance, to be dedicated to pious uses. In testimony of their sense of gratitude for so distinguished a benefaction, this monumental stone is raised, as sacred to his memory and his virtues."—*Journal.*

Be Happy as You Are.—Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demand upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, "What a fool I was to marry, leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in ease?" Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and ungrateful for, their comforts and their joys? Oh! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and longsuffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And oh! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own.—*Georgiana Herbert.*

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HELPER'S "IMPENDING CRISIS" of the SOUTH can be had, wholesale and retail, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

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BOARDING HOUSE.—Respectable persons can be accomodated with genteel boarding, transient or permanent, by applying to the subscriber, No. 822 South street, below Ninth, Philadelphia. WILLIAM STILL.

TO THOSE WHO ARE UNWILLING TO SUPPORT SLAVERY.—During the last twelve years a store of free labor goods has been kept at the N. W. corner of Fifth and Cherry streets, in this city, for the convenience of those who wish to avoid the use of the fruits of slavery. It will scarcely be denied that the rejection of slave labor cotton, sugar and rice is a good testimony against slavery—fully as influential against that system as a refusal to pay militia fines or to purchase prize goods is against war. Will not those who are willing to make a sacrifice, if need be, to sustain their convictions on the latter subject, lend their influence in like manner against slavery? This is the only Grocery kept by a Friend in the city. Much care is taken to keep good Sugars, Syrups, Molasses, Coffees, Teas, Cocoa, Chocolate, Rice, Spices, Fruit, &c., and a variety of Dry Goods. The proprietor aims to sell as low as he can to sustain the business. With double the patronage, prices could be somewhat reduced; probably every article could be sold as low as similar goods in the market. Many are so sold now. Those who favor the Store with their custom, and procure their Teas, Coffees, Spices, Chocolate and Cocoa, &c., will find the articles good, and free from adulteration. On hand, Dried Peaches of superior quality.
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PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks; Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby Horses, and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
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KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of hardware, cutlery, &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, WARNER JUSTICE.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish ice creams, water ices, jellies, cakes, candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of free labor, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 72 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail stationery, blank books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices; English, French and American cap, letter and note papers, envelopes, sealing wax, plain and fancy wafers of every description, very superior gold and steel pens, ink and inkstands, sand boxes, wafer cups, paper weights, plain and fancy penholders, drawing pencils and books, Bristol board, tracing paper, impression paper, tissue paper, visiting and wedding cards, pocket books, card cases, portfolios, diaries, &c.; envelopes at 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per 1,000; mercantile firms, insurance companies, banks, &c., furnished with blank books to order, of the best materials and workmanship.
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THE PUBLIC LIFE OF CAPT. JOHN BROWN, by James Redpath, with an Autobiography of his Childhood and Youth. For sale at the Anti Slavery Office, 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia.

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